

# The Holy Cross Magazine

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# The Holy Cross Magazine

March



1947

## The Call of Kin

By IVY BOLTON

DEATH was staring at Colin Henley from over the way. The boy grasped his gun firmly and held it straight as he watched the black muzzle trained on his heart from over yonder. Jabez Gorham knelt by the elm, and it was nonsense for Colin to pull the trigger, for his gun was not loaded. The oak under which he stood was no shelter at all.

"Feuds are foolishness," he had said so often to his sister, Sally Lou. If it had not been for this Henley Gorham affair brother and sister would have had loving kinsfolk around them and would have had a home in the old farmhouse on the Cumberland mountains instead of living in the tumble-down shack in the Cove with old Aunt Rachel who was kind but no real relation at all. Colin repeated the words to himself as

his face grew whiter and more strained and his lips quivered. Why had he been so careless when common sense should have told him that Jabez Gorham might be around?

He had been so absorbed in his own dreams that he had not used common sense. Colin had not been overseas. His eighteenth birthday was still six months away, and the war had ended in August. But it had touched the Cumberland valley. Other lads had marched away, and many had not come back. War was horrible and fighting was dreadful, as Sally Lou had said when she came back from trying to comfort old Mrs. Roberts, whose grandson had fallen in the Pacific.

The visiting preacher yesterday had echoed her words and after the service ended, had talked with the lads and the girls sitting

around him near the sunset rocks where the fresh winds swept in from the hills. Colin had watched him, wondering at the serenity in his eyes and the quiet in his face. People were still afraid, he had told them, but there was no need for that. God was behind the shadows; God was there, and God would help. "We older ones must trust and wait," he had ended. "We may live in a world of fear but you, boys and girls can make it a world of peace. Friendship, sympathy, love, each one of you can do your part."

Seemed kind of silly to have a feud on one's hands, when the world needed peace, Colin had thought, as picking up his gun from force of habit, he had wandered this morning out into the woods to think. Of course, if he gave up the feud and went far off with Sally Lou, people would say



he was a coward, but would that matter if one had a great work to do? He and Sally Lou could fare forth together, like the old pioneers did, to make a new home somewhere and work there for love and friendship and peace.

He had waked from his dream with a start to see that black muzzle over the way, and the wary dark eyes watching him from the elm. He looked at Jabez again, kneeling there with his powerful shoulders and his tanned, grim face half covered with the shaggy hair and rough beard. Jabez had been badly wounded in the fight up in the woods fifteen years ago when Colin had just turned five. His father had died that night, also his uncle and cousin, leaving Colin the only representative of the family. The only Gorham who had come out alive was Jabez, a lad of nineteen. Colin had known the feud might break out again any time now, and yet he had been right careless.

He did not dare to look around to see if he could reach shelter or attempt to load his gun. A bullet would move faster than he could. There was nothing to do but wait till it came crashing into his heart. Sally Lou would be all alone now.

Why didn't Jabez fire and get it done with? It would not seem so bad to die out in the open, but to be murdered here under the trees, skulking in the shadows, seemed more than the lad could bear. A hard lump came into his throat, but he fought it back. Jabez would come and look at him, and Jabez must not see tears. Perhaps he would not be found for days . . . Oh was there no way out? Must he die here all alone? God, will no one come? He choked the lump back again.

He set his lips firmly and threw back his head. Die he must, but it should be in the open. He would not lurk here. Jabez could fire if he liked. He held his rifle steady with his finger on the trig-

ger and ran out into the clearing. Oh, it was good to feel the sunshine on his cold hands.

"If you ain't afraid, come on out," he challenged. "I don't like fightin' in holes and corners."

Would Jabez fire? He did not. He came out warily with a steady weapon. His face was dark with hate as his sombre eyes ran over the slender boyish figure standing there erect with the sun glinting on red-gold hair.

"Kinder uppity, ain't ye?" he growled. "Come on an' fight then."

Colin shrugged his shoulders. "Sorter thought I'd like to know what it was all about first," he drawled. "Feuds is foolishness, seems like, and I've never known what started this one. What did?"

"Gorhams and Henleys have always fit."

"But why?"

"Reckon, I don't know." Jabez frowned. "I s'pose somewhere way back, a Gorham and a Henley shot each other over something. Reckon everybody's forgot what. Only Gorhams and Henleys heard the call of kin. Looks like it was most finished now. There ain't no Gorhams left savin' me and my little 'uns, an' you're the onliest Henley. Sally Lou don't count. Gals don't carry on feuds. Women don't like them."

"Seems like women have the most sense," Colin retorted. "Sally Lou hates fighting."

Perhaps it was just as well that his gun was unloaded, he thought. Sally Lou would just about break her heart, if Colin hurt a man or took up wild ways. After all, it might be better like this. Sally Lou would be lonely, but up in the Gorham cabin, Marthy Gorham was watching for her man, and seven-year-old Timmy was playing with his little sisters. Reckon those young 'uns would have a poor lookout with no father to care for them. He made up his mind.

He flung his gun down. "Ain't loaded. You had best shoot and be done with it," he said and stared calmly at the black muzzle trained so steadily on his head. "There's only Sally Lou to care for me, and there's a sight of folks to mourn for you. The little 'uns and Timmy need you, Jabez. The Mountain will be better off with one less feud going. Shoot on."

"Reckon the Mountain'll call you a fool," Jabez told him. "Fools ought to be shot most likely, but I ain't fought with an unarmed man yet, an' I'm not going to begin." He grounded his gun.

Colin gasped. He had not expected this. "P'raps we're both fools, Jabez," he said. "Do you think the feud's so bad that you couldn't let it go? It'd be a sight easier for our womenfolk if you could."

"You sure *do* lack common sense. Don't you know you should have knocked me down and taken me to your heels as soon as I ground that gun? The feud, well, it's the call of kin, boy. My father, brother and grandpappy all died at the hands of Henleys. Ain't it my business to carry on?"

"My father, grandfather, uncle and great-grandfather were shot by Gorhams," Colin urged. "Seems like we're sort of even. I've been aiming on making a real home for Sally Lou as long as she needs one. There's no one really to take care of her, a Marthy and the little 'uns must need you. Isn't that the call of kin, too?"

Jabez stared at him. "P'raps you ain't such a fool as I thought. It ain't never occurred to me to think of the call o' kin that way. And whatever the Mountain says or thinks, you're no coward. That's sure. Coming into the open to face me with your gun unloaded, you young daredevil. Well-I-I'm willing, if you agree. Make your home for Sally Lou. Go back to your old farm if you like. You'll be in no danger from



"I'll bide me by Marthy and the children. It'd be sort of good to think of Timmy growin' up worth while without a mess of excitement and trouble. Here's my hand upon it, and Jabez Gormley don't break his word." Colin grasped the gnarled hand

warmly. He spoke shyly. "I'd kind of like to be real friends, Jabez. I'm not very old and my Dad's gone—someone a bit older would be a help when I make mistakes. Do you think you could?"

"That might be managed." A slow flush came into the man's

face. "It's thanks to you that my hands are clean. I'll mosey along to your place afore long. You're a brave lad, Colin Henley, even if you weren't in any real danger this time." A slow smile curved his lips. "You see, son, my gun wasn't loaded either."

## John Keble

By PAUL BARSTOW

JOHN KEBLE, from whose Assize Sermon Newman and most others date the Oxford Movement, and who, in his quiet activity held the more daring of his comrades by bonds of deep personal loyalty to his calm assurance in the Church of England, was born at Fairford, in

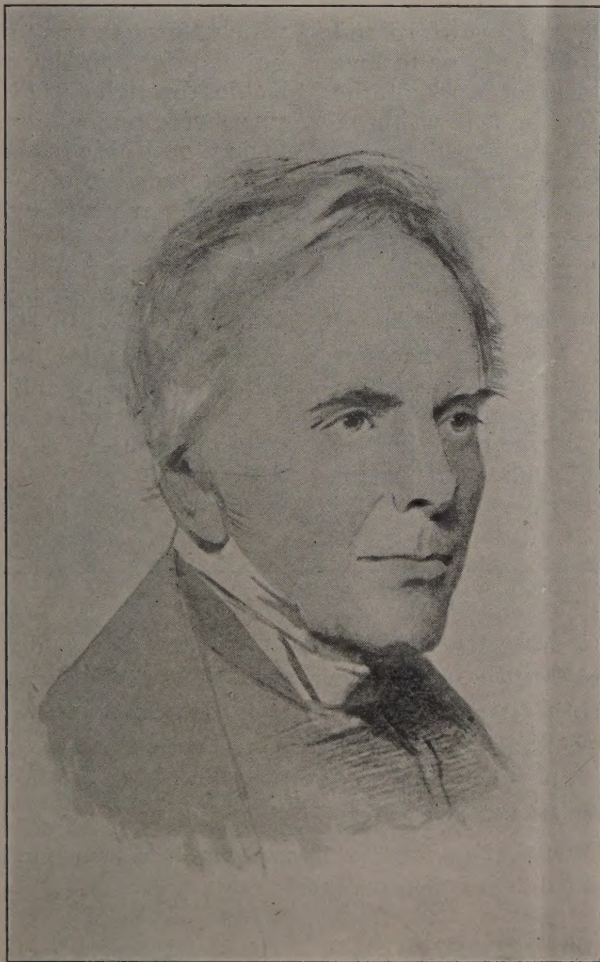
Gloucestershire, in 1792. His father, the senior John Keble, then Vicar of Coln St. Aldwyn's, was the descendant of a notable Suffolk and Gloucestershire family, while his mother was of Scottish lineage.

Educated by his father, he was almost entirely without personal

knowledge of men and affairs when he went up to Oxford. In his early years, his family was his world, complete and entire in itself. A shy, sensitive youth, it was best, perhaps, that he was somewhat shielded from the world until the habits and merits which were to distinguish him from its common run were developed in the intimacy of a love-blanketed home. His father never forced him in habits of study. Yet, such was his natural love of scholarship, and that of the finest sort, that this leniency developed his character and abilities in such a remarkable way, that his unparalleled success at Oxford seemed quite natural. With a firmly established reverence and devotion to his family which was never to leave him, John Keble was matriculated as a scholar at Corpus Christi College in 1807 when he was not yet fifteen.

### Oxford Years

The Oxford of Keble's undergraduate days was very different from the Oxford of today. Paradoxical as it may seem, the University itself was more of a united whole, while the colleges were more intimate. This was particularly true of Corpus Christi, with its small group of scholars. Here Keble formed many rich friendships which were to serve him in good stead throughout his life. Among these we must list J. T. Coleridge, whose loving biography, together with that





of Dr. Lock, forms the principle source for Keble's life; J. G. Cornish, a fellow poet; C. Dyson, ever consulted in times of crisis; and Thomas Arnold, whose subsequent course in life was to cause Keble much pain, but who completed this happy undergraduate fellowship. These friends, with their unaffected love for him, and their unmitigated confidence in him, did more for the shy, sensitive lad than any other experience could have done. In this congenial and stimulating atmosphere, Keble blossomed like a hot-house plant—the sort which must be treated tenderly, but which, under proper care, will bloom in a radiant beauty no wild flower could imitate. This conviviality, coupled with the understanding tuition of the Rev. W. N. Darnell, built on the foundation of Keble's home study a scholarship which was to bring them and him honor. At first fearfully, but then with growing confidence, he attacked his studies, and in 1810, he achieved the great distinction of a double first-class in Classics and Mathematics. This soon led to a fellowship at Oriel, which college he joined with Whately. With the two essay prizes the next year, he established himself as, in Newman's words, "the first man in Oxford."

Yet the Common Room which was to be so great a source of stimulation for the more active Oxford "apostles," was not one in which Keble could find himself at ease. The discussions there, under the leadership of Copleston and Whately, were too cal- lous, and too ready to attack any subject with piercing jest, for one "so perfectly unaffected and unassuming in his manner" as Keble. His was too gentle a mind and of a humility too great to be other than retiring in such in- cisive, rough-and-tumble contro- versial bouts. Yet, behind this retiring self-effacement, Keble

was growing in the faith and love which were to make him a strong tower of refuge to the most au- dacious of these dashing intel- lects when the tide of battle turned, full furious, upon them. And the poetry, now dated, but interspersed with lines whose beauty of sound and symbol can- not be lost, was commencing to be called more and more from his heart and on to paper. At twenty- three, Keble was ordained dea- con in 1815, and the following year he received his priest's or- ders, both from the Bishop of Oxford. He approached these solemn commissions with an ex- aggerated sense of his own un- worthiness, yet with complete confidence in God's power to use him. Almost immediately his family affairs became so pressing that he devoted most of his at- tention to the two small cures he had in charge, near Fairford and his family. Here he came to love the simple, soulful work of the country parson, and he writes of it as his "dear delightful profes- sion," feeling the saving of one soul to be more valuable than the framing of the Magna Carta of a thousand worlds.

### Return to Oxford

In 1817, however, he was called back to Oriel as a tutor. This office he regarded as differ- ent only in degree, and just as truly a cure of souls, as his parish

work. He remained in this pa- rish office for six years, dur- ing which time he also served in many other capacities, as pub- lic examiner, etc. His writings which later were to form *The Christ- ian Year* were continued. Yet, his heart was ever in the coun- try parsonage he had learned to love so well. Late in 1823, on the death of his mother, Keble took curacy at Southrop, and began perhaps the most important ef- forts of his life, in the training of Robert Wilberforce, Isaac Wil- liams, and Richard Hurdis. Froude, who followed him to Southrop. On these develop- ing characters, and particularly that of Froude, Keble made the impress of his humility and de- votion, his reverence and love which was to mould them, and the Movement which was to spring from among them, and which Newman was to lead when he had felt and responded to. Keble, through Froude. They, in turn, were not without their in- fluence on Keble in the easy, brotherly comradeship of the Southrop vicarage. In teaching them, he learned, for his ideas rebounded from their ready minds with po- sitive shape and distinctive force. Finally, in 1825, this relation- ship ceased with Keble's personality in full development, and the mi- nistry of his pupils ready for the final training of the Oriel Common Room.

We are pleased to announce that Morehouse-Gorham has just published *They Saw the Lord* by the Reverend Bonnell Spencer, O.H.C. The book is a thoughtful and prayerful consideration of the Bible accounts of the Resurrection Appearances, drawing from them a deeper faith in the Risen Christ and a clearer realization of our potential relationship to Him here and now.

*They Saw the Lord* may be obtained from Morehouse-Gorham or from the Holy Cross Press for \$3.00



# Our Lady of the Desert

By K. MICHAEL THORPE

THIS IS the story of our Holy Faith, and how it is carried to the Navajo Nation. It is the story of horses over burnt mesas, hard going over canyon trails, over the vast sweep of Utah's Navajo desert.

St. Christopher's Mission, in the early morning nestles its red adobe walls beneath the seeming unending palisades of the San Juan River, cast from the same dull red palette. Both in architecture and serenity, St. Christopher's captures the feeling of the old Spanish missions.

The little community of Franciscan Tertiary priests and Oblate brothers, having sung Matins and Mass, come through the cloisters to the temporary chapel on one side of the patio. Now, breakfast over, all hands are busy packing the Navajo ponies which stand saddled and bridled and swishing their tails in the patio. The bulkiness of the packs and the quantity of the rations indicate a journey of several days. Nobody knows exactly how far. Maybe 20-30 Navajo miles. Navajo miles are reckoned in this fashion—Good horse—short mile: poor horse—long mile."



It all started when the White Horse clan, twenty strong, strode to the mission common room. They had ridden in from far up the canyon and were camped in the mission land. "We come to learn about the E ni shodi church," said White Horse with the dignity of a shepherd prince. E ni shodi Church means the

Church of the Dragging Robes or Catholic Priests.) Then for two hours they had listened to the Glad Tidings, as other shepherds had listened before. "You come to my camp soon. All my people will hear you," were White Horse's parting words.



Sometime after this White Horse's pony had fallen with him in a canyon trail. His people had brought him to the mission in a painful condition. Father Liebler had driven him 150 miles to Cortez, Colorado, where the doctor reported no bones broken. When White Horse understood that the Padre would take no money for this act of Christian charity, the mission had made a powerful friend.

Now the cross was to be carried into White Horse's own country. Our objective was an abandoned trading post up on Montezuma Creek, around which dwelt the White Horse clan. No one could tell us just where it was or how far.

Three of us clambered onto pack-bulging ponies — Father Liebler, the head Padre, Miss Helen Sturges, teacher of the mission, and myself, brought along as horse wrangler and roustabout. Navajos gathered to see us off, and with clanking bits and chiming spurs, we cantered off into the desert.

The gay show of departure soon began to wear thin, for there is not much gaiety in cantering with gunny sacks of canned food

pummeling you in the thighs. We settled down to a sober gait, as before us unrolled illimitable mesas of the desert—now covered with purple sage—now with short sage, grease wood and bunch grass—now floored with ochre sand from which the spiny forms of cactus and the fibrous dignity of Spanish yucca thrust themselves.

The sun focuses on the mesas, the deserts blaze into 130° in the shade, which is imaginary. Bandanas are muffled about necks—the wide brims of sombreros are pulled down over the eyes.



Now begin the canyon trails, in no way to be confused with the mountain bridge paths known to tourist and dude ranchers. In our canyons, your horse finds a little spot among the slide rocks for his hind hooves while the main part of him hangs pawing in space as he scans an eighty-five degree incline below him. Any little spot he may see for his front feet, he leaps to with desperation. At moments like this, one cannot but ponder that even the great White Horse's nag missed once.



Our first canyon trail is almost straight up over the San Juan rim, our horses moving into it with the easy jerks of mountain



goats. Once over the rim, we see the desert stretch into infinity. But, no, arroyos and canyons again interrupt us with their precipitous drops and ascents.

Mesa follows canyon—canyon follows mesa. The tough and wiry Navajo ponies go on and on. Our water supply is being coddled. Thirst takes hold of the throat and chokes it with dry fingers. Where is White Horse's camp? The canyon mouths have disclosed no sign of Navajo hogans; only traces that there had been encampments there once. Still the desert sweeps before us unbroken by life other than dusty lizards darting into the sage brush—and a hopeful vulture soaring above us.

We must strike for the river before evening lengthens further. So down the next canyon we go—and, at last, the San Juan appears. How green are the cottonwoods and the lush grass on its banks. Our horses make for the banks and go up to their bellies in the water, gulping the stream.

The San Juan is of the consistency, but not the flavor of thick chocolate. Boiled over a camp fire and settled an hour or two, it thins to the consistency of thick coffee, but misses the flavor. With our one cooking pot



brought to boil six times, our desert water bags and our interiors are replenished—after a fashion. The ponies fall to on the lush river grass. Supper is cooked and eaten. We roll up in blankets and with heads on our saddles, soon find oblivion from the arid tribulations of the day.

Next morning, the Padre says Mass on a large altar-like rock, and we received Holy Commun-



ion. One horse "shows-up missing," as the wranglers say, and after hunting it up the canyon and far out on the mesa, we got off to a late start.

Again the mesas stretch before us, and now the slopes are covered with cobble rocks, grinding and painful to our ponies' feet. At last in the distance a large growth of cottonwoods meets our view, and we can make out the dun stone walls of a house. As we approach, hogans appear. It is the abandoned trading post, roofless, but solid in construction. "Behold the new mission church of Our Lady of the Desert," said the Padre.



We notify the nearest hogan that we are here and that services will be held at the old trading post at sunup. Then we go to the river flats and begin to boil water and make camp.

At sunup in the new mission of Our Lady of the Desert, Mass is sung to the beautiful Indian chants of the St. Isaac Jogues Mass. In this, ceremonial chants of various tribes have been skillfully set by Father Liebler to the ordinary of the Mass. When Indian voices carry these chants the effect is magnificent. The close affinity between Indian melody and Gregorian chant is amazing. Music is one of the links which the mission uses to incorporate the Indian culture into Christianity.

But, as far as the White Horse clan is concerned, it is wasted on

the desert air, for not one Navajo shows up. None of us mentions but as we leave for our camp on the flats, the air of discouragement is pretty thick. We have eaten breakfast and are fixing to bring in the horses for some hogan to hogan calling when a Navajo voice sings, "Ya te." Then comes White Horse, mounted and strewn in his wake, on burros and ponies and afoot, come the White Horse clan. Some drive their flocks by and take their places in the group, until some 18 White Horses of all ages have gathered.

Unfortunately, we have no camera, but picture for yourselves, the wide dry, sandy bed of the San Juan, the grey slopes of the mesas of the desert stretching in all directions, while in a circle waiting to hear the Great Mass sit those colorful Navajo Horses and burros stand about decorated with gay saddle blankets. Nearly every woman holds a child or baby. The women wear beaded and silver-ornamented velvet blouses, their hair done behind with long decorative braids. Strongly mongoloid they are in features.



Both Navajo maidens and young matrons are shy in the presence of strange men. Little ones hide in the folds of their mothers' voluminous skirts. Older ones pull veils over their faces. But as the Padre expounds to the Navajo the Holy Word, the shyness vanishes, the veils drop, and the most intense concentration takes possession of these faces.

The Fall of Man is surveyed and the coming of the Redeemer. Then they are taught some of the Indian Mass chants. He Sturges then passes out the p



are lessons. These are outline drawings which Father Liebler makes himself illustrating the principle feasts. After Mass at the Bluff Mission the people flock to the common room with their pictures, and with crayons they proceed to color them Navajo style. On St. Dominic's day, the picture of Our Lady presenting the rosary to the saint. At the hands of the Indians, Our Lady's costume becomes the most elegant of Navajo affairs, bedizened in beads and silver work. Angels are particularly good models for Navajo fashions. The celestial beings usually come from the stylists' hands complete with silver bracelets, stone necklaces, turquoise ear-bobs, and Navajo hair-roses.

Late in the afternoon, several of these people return bringing others with them for instruction. And then, when all have left and darkness is falling, comes one, a young man, secretly in the manner of Nicodemus to Our Lord. He had joined the Peyote cult, a mystical Indian religion built around the consumption of a narcotic. The young man is confused and wants to know the right thing to do. Next morning he is back again with his wife; this time to hear the true way pointed out. And with him is a goodly group of those eager to learn.

And thus Our Lady of the Desert, coming as the great Navajo Mother, begins to gather up an entire clan and present them to her Beloved Son. When the feast of her Assumption fell, nine days after our return, eight of these catechumens made the long journey to Bluff to join in the festival.

Three out stations such as this are being established by St. Christopher's Mission at Bluff, Utah. I should like to add that the Mission needs more helpers, priests, lay men and women, to further consolidate this fine Catholic work in the most romantic of mission fields.

# Canterbury Cathedral Priory

By ROBERT LOREN ZELL

THE foundation of the cathedral church of Christ at Canterbury by St. Augustine marked the true starting-point in the diffusion of Latin Christianity in England. It is a cardinal event in European history.

We may trace four distinct chapters in the history of the cathedral familia. The first lasted from 597, the year of the arrival of St. Augustine, until c. 610. In this period the Archbishop and his monks lived a quasi-regular life with non-monastic clerks. The second phase lasted from c. 610 to c. 660. Archbishop Laurence established full monastic life and this probably continued for some time before a gradual change occurred. When Theodore of Tarsus came to the see in 668, the community at Christ Church consisted of clerks living a semi-regular life. This condition lasted for more than 300 years. Monks were re-introduced in 997 by Archbishop Aelfric. The fourth and last phase occupies the period from the year 997 to the Conquest. The monastic life was maintained, with relaxed discipline during the episcopate of Stigand. Thus when Lanfranc became archbishop in 1070, the monks of the cathedral chapter could claim a continuous tradition of observance that stretched back 73 years. So this great Norman prelate was able to build on a solid foundation of monastic tradition inherited from the Saxon past.

From the time of Lanfranc until the Dissolution in 1539, the Cathedral monastery of Christ Church was one of the most important and largest houses in the country, ranking along with Glasstonbury, St. Albans, and Bury St. Edmunds. They played an im-

portant part in national politics in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries.

The priory of Christ Church was one of the group of cathedral monasteries which were almost peculiar to England in the middle ages. The archbishop was both the abbot of the monks and the persona of the cathedral church. The first archbishops of Canterbury after the Conquest were indeed abbots, living the common life with their monks in church and cloister. But at the end of the twelfth century, the prolonged quarrels of monks and archbishops finally sundered the paternal relationship. The archbishop became the titular abbot of the monastic community, and the prior assumed for all practical purposes the functions of abbot.

There was also a separation of the lands of the two parties. The familia at Christ Church had a small separate endowment, as of course did the archbishop.

The bulk of the revenues of the cathedral priory consisted of landed property. The evidence of the Domesday Monachorum and of the lists of donations of manors shows conclusively that the monks had acquired by far the greater part of their lands before the end of the twelfth century. Indeed, it is quite clear that the cathedral priory was primarily indebted to Saxon kings, nobles, and thegns, for its vast endowment. The lands lay in eight counties in the south and east of England—Kent, Sussex, Surrey, Buckinghamshire, Oxfordshire, Essex, Suffolk, and Norfolk—and there were also scattered properties in London, Devonshire, Ireland, and elsewhere.

The ownership of advowsons and appropriated churches con-



stituted another valuable source of monastic revenue. A great crop of advowsons, chiefly of London churches, lay in the hands of the monks. From the rectors of the churches the monks claimed an annual pension. These grants of advowsons implied full liberty to the grantees to appropriate the rectories and in most cases were promptly followed by appropriation. By the year 1400 the monks of Christ Church held no less than fourteen churches in appropriation. But the revenue from pensions and rectorial tithes was small in extent when compared with that derived from property in land.

An attempt to classify a normal year's revenue shows that about two-thirds of it consisted of rents and fee-farms from the estates of the priory. Until the fifteenth century oblations constituted about a quarter of the income. The rest consisted of tithes, pensions, and miscellaneous payments of all sorts. In the last two centuries of the middle ages the monks tended to invest money in plate and ornament rather than in land. The inventories of ornaments and jewels acquired during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries show that the monks of Christ Church attached great importance to these valuable securities. In an age of falling land-values they proved to be a far safer investment.

### Central Financial System

The twelfth century was pre-eminently the period in which the monks of Christ Church organized and consolidated their vast possessions. Under the firm rule of the Norman archbishops and a series of enlightened priors, a central financial system grew up in the priory as a framework for all future developments in household organization.

A system of large-scale borrowing was developed to enable the treasurers to increase the compe-

tence of their office and to meet the heavy expenses connected with the translation of the relics of St. Thomas in 1220. The Jews of Canterbury and Italian merchants from Rome, Siena, Bologna, Florence, and Pistoja were the two main bodies of creditors. Italian merchants were the largest creditors of the priory during the thirteenth century. The rate of usury per annum demanded by these Italian merchants varied between 15 and 20 per cent. Throughout the thirteenth century Italian credit played a role of paramount importance in the financial history of the priory. Indeed it may be said that the monks succeeded in expanding their economy in all directions largely on the basis of Italian financial capitalism. A system of audit was also evolved at the same time. The senior monks had the check and control over departmental expenditure.

### Household Organization

For all practical purposes the prior stood in *loco abbatis* and exercised the functions normal to the head of a Benedictine monastery. He was a great baron and householder. As early as 1165 the prior had his own distinct household, separate from that of the monks. Not only did he have his own officials and servants, but also his own revenues and guest-houses. Indeed, from the social standpoint, his condition was indistinguishable from that of the great magnates who were his contemporaries.

The prior's establishment at Canterbury was divided into five separate administrative departments, the chamber, kitchen, pantry and buttery, scullery, and the stable. At the year 1377 there were, in addition to the two chaplains of the prior who acted as accountants, 14 permanent officials, 6 assistants, and 2 boys, making a total of 24 persons. All these officials, known collectively

as *armigeri domini prioris*, made heavy inroads on the revenue of their master. Their wages were higher than those of the conventual servants, getting gifts of money on the great feast days.

The monks normally took their meals in the refectory, which lay to the north of the great cloister and was placed under the charge of a refectorian, who supplied the building with utensils, rushes, and other necessary equipment. Strict rules governed the conduct of the monks and their servants in the refectory. No one was to enter the building except at meal times and then complete silence was to be observed. The senior monks sat at a high table and one of their number read some edifying book from a pulpit built into the wall of the refectory. Two meals a day were commonly taken in the refectory. These were dinner at midday and the supper at or after five o'clock. An evening drink before going to bed, called a collation, was also part of the monastic routine. The times of these meals were apt to vary with the seasons.

Gerald of Wales commented on the sumptuous repasts served in the refectory of Christ Church at the end of the twelfth century. One Trinity Sunday he counted no less than sixteen courses and remarked upon the excellence of the cuisine. Delicacies were served down by the prior from the high table to privileged individuals.

The eating of meat presented the monks with a thorny problem. St. Benedict had expressly forbidden the practice, and it had been shown that complete abstinence from flesh-meat, save in the case of definite illness, was the rule throughout the monasteries of England between 960-1215. Even before the Fourth Lateran Council, however, meat could be eaten outside the refectory under certain conditions. By the end of the thirteenth century the Canterbury monks were allowed



at meat in no less than five different places, in the prior's camera, the infirmary and the Table Hall of the infirmary, the guest-house, and a special room called the deportum. So in practice, and in spite of the Rule, the monks could indulge to the full their taste for beef, mutton, and pork, all of which were supplied to them in liberal quantities.

The staple drink of the monks was of course beer, and many thousand gallons were consumed in a year. Gerald of Wales remarked in the late twelfth century upon the many wines, both mullled and clear, together with unfermented wine, mulberry wine and mead, served in the refectory of Christ Church. The gift of 100 muys of wine which Louis VII made to the monks in 1179 did not grace the monastic table, as the wine, being of inferior quality, was sold for cash by the agents of the convent in Paris, but the best French wine was shipped across to Sandwich for the benefit of the monks.

In the monastic year many occasions for celebration and feasting were allowed. On the obit-days of archbishops and priors special pittances, in the shape of food allowances, were given to the monks. When each monk celebrated in rotation the conventional High Mass, an extra ration of food was allowed to him. One was left with the impression that the monks of Christ Church enjoyed a fairly high standard of living and suffered from no lack of variety in food or drink. It cannot be sufficiently emphasized that, from the social standpoint, the prior was a baron and the monks a squirearchy. Their standard of living differed in no respect from that of their contemporaries in the feudal hierarchy.

The chamberlain was the obedientiary who attended to the clothing, shoeing, bedding, washing, and shaving of the monks. Precise rules governed the size

and embroidery of the black monastic habit, and the purchase of black cloth was normally the leading item in the account of the chamberlain. Soap was not an expensive item. There were compulsory baths at Christmas, but bathing was optional for the rest of the year. A special chamber called the *domus rasturae* was set aside for shaving.

The infirmarian was in charge of the whole wing of the monastic buildings to the east of the cloisters which consisted of a hall, a chapel, a dining-hall, a kitchen, and a necessarium.

The monks had their own resident physician and bleeder, but the prior received the attentions of a London specialist, who often charged exorbitant fees. Sometimes a surgeon was called in from the outside for special operations, and the monks relied heavily upon the services of local apothecaries and oculists.

There was the tendency for obedientiaries to live in private apartments and so to desert the common life of cloister, frater, and dorter. The prior, the sub-prior, the sacrist, the cellarer, the infirmarian, and the almoner all had their private households or camerae before the end of the fourteenth century, and it is more than probable that other obedientiaries set up house in that way. How far the system of private households had developed before the year 1400 we do not precisely know, but it is clear that many monks were leading only a quasi-regular life.

Now we shall consider the lay element in the household of Christ Church. The large retinue of the prior has already been described. The monks were also waited upon by numerous servants who lived within the curia. This was the common practice in all the great monasteries of the





age, both in England and on the Continent. At Christ Church the number of servants far surpassed the number of monks. Three of these, the steward of the guest-house and two porters, were appointed by the archbishop. Actors, minstrels, harpers, and trumpeters were regularly hired to enliven the guests and, no doubt, to entertain the monks as well. In 1322, besides the steward of the guesthouse and the two porters, the cellarer employed in his department: the pantler and his boy, the keeper of the cloister-gate and his boy, the pantler of the guest-house, the watchman of the curia, the scullion and his boy, the soup-maker, the scullion of the refectory and his boy, the first and second cooks and their boys, the salter and his boy, the kitchen stoker, the potter, the kitchen waiter, the drawer of wine and beer and his boy, the cellarer's esquire, his groom and his carter, two purveyors, the hunter and his boy, the porter of the guest-house and his boy, another servant, and the gaoler.

It is hardly surprising that the cellarer was ordered by Archbishop Stratford in 1335 to effect a drastic reduction in staff. Other household departments, such as the sacristy, the infirmary, the chamberlain's office, the bakery, and the brewery, also had their complement of servants. The numbers tended to increase rather than diminish as the fourteenth century advanced, and it is probably true to say that by the year 1400 there were twice as many servants as monks at Christ Church.

A general review of the financial history of the priory shows that the house was constantly in debt, but rarely to the extent of more than one year's average income. The papal exactions weighed heavily upon the priory in the thirteenth century. The later centralization of finances under the treasurers certainly

acted as a check upon mismanagement, but the monks were constantly living beyond their income. Their large retinue of servants and costly purchases of food and drink involved an expenditure incommensurate with the revenues at their command.

### Arable Farming

In contrast to the Cistercians, who developed vast sheep-runs while creating their arable granges, the Canterbury monks followed other Benedictine houses in devoting their main attention to cereal farming. Wheat growing always remained their staple agricultural industry, and it was only at a comparatively late period in their history that they took part in other agrarian pursuits on an appreciable scale.

At a very early period in Christ Church history the surplus wheat of the manors was marketed. In 1207 it was being shipped abroad, and it is impossible to say when this practice began.

Great efforts were made all the time to increase productivity. All sorts of fertilizers were used; and seed was sown more intensively on the acre. Reclaimed and embanked marsh-lands were also dressed; and this increased the yield.

Although wheat-marketing rapidly dwindled in the latter part of the fourteenth century, the system of food-farms was still maintained. The accounts of the garnerer and bartoner show that large supplies of wheat continued to be sent to the priory year by year.

Cows, oxen, horses, sheep, pigs, and poultry could be found at an early date on nearly all the manors. In the early thirteenth century a deliberate policy of increasing the stock on the manors was adopted.

It is by now a commonplace fact that large-scale sheep-farming was introduced into Britain by the monks, especially those of

the Cistercian Order. But much has been said of the Benedictine sheep-farming.

It is not until the first half of the thirteenth century that we learn anything of Canterbury sheep-farming. But they did raise many sheep; and most of the wool was bought by Italian merchants. There was a great expansion of sheep-farming during the priorate of Henry Eastry. In 1315 the number of sheep at Monkton was 847, including 689 ewes.

The number of sheep is not known for the period of the founding. Of a total number of 13,730 sheep c. 1322, no less than 10,000 were registered on the Kentish manors.

Although wool production was the most important feature in the pastoral economy of Christ Church, dairy-farming was also well-developed on certain manors. Large quantities of cheese were regularly sent to Canterbury from these manors. But in some places, dairy-farming was undertaken solely with a view to market profits.

On some manors, however, there were no large quantities of stock. If milk was required and if butter and cheese were to be made, the manorial executive hired cows or ewes (or both) for the seasons when they were giving milk.

Dairy-farming chiefly flourished on the marsh manors of Canterbury cathedral priory. Here there were vast stretches of good pasture land where the cows and ewes could be quartered.

As a marketable commodity, cheese quite eclipsed butter and milk. The sale of butter and milk was never conducted on a large scale, but cheeses were often sold in great quantities.

### Marsh Embankment, Land Drainage and Sea Defence

No account of the monks at Christ Church as landowners would be at all complete without



one estimate of their achievements, sustained and often remarkable, in embanking marshes and defending the coast against the inundation of the sea. There is abundant evidence that marsh embankment on the Canterbury estates goes back as an organized and regularized activity, subject to precise conditions, to a very early date. The widest scope was given to private enterprise and initiative and it seems quite certain that the priors of Canterbury were in no way limited or supereded in their private actions for the recovery, embankment, and drainage of land. Much marsh land was reclaimed for productive purposes especially at Ebony Manor, Appledore, and Orgarswick-and-Agney.

Gallant attempts were made to increase the wheat acreage by manuring and dressing the land, but with little success, and oats always remained the largest cereal crop.

### The Last 150 Years

There was a growth of many abuses during the 150 years immediately preceding the dissolution. The common seal was carelessly kept and there was a tendency for a number of monks to dwell in separate households. In 1376 the chamberlain was instructed to receive his income from the shrine-keepers, almoner, and wardens of the manors, without recourse to the central office. In 1384 the treasurers ceased to enrol their accounts in the white book for public scrutiny.

Despite the noble attempts of such fine priors as Thomas Goldston (1449-68) and William Sellygn (1472-94) the general tendency of the age in the larger monasteries was towards separatism, exclusiveness, and the growth of proprietas. The evidence shows that the Rule of St. Benedict was being openly flouted by the monks. It is not only that there were particularly flagrant cases of individual proprie-

tarii; each member of the community was in the habit of receiving gifts of money and of possessing his own jocalia. The system of pittances became more and more elaborate. A long pittance-roll of 1464-65 recounts the wine, dates, almonds, spices, and other delicacies supplied to the monks at frequent intervals throughout the year. The monks in the infirmary had a particularly easy time, being regaled with sugar cordials, lozenges, and a host of similar luxuries.

Luxury of diet was not the only remarkable feature in the life of the Canterbury monks, for their maintenance of great retinues of servants was equally deserving of censure.

The growing secularization of life at Christ Church is evidenced in a great variety of ways. The constant presence of actors and minstrels at the priory is one more symptom of this general tendency. The multiplication of chantries in the cathedral, served by secular priests, and the presence of secular clergy in the infirmary, must also have militated against the strict observance of monastic discipline.

As the life of the monks increased in luxury and ostentation,

the primary duties of hospitality and almsgiving fell more and more into the background. The Christ Church monks were at no period conspicuous for the liberality of their almsgiving, but in the fifteenth century their work in this direction nearly ceased altogether. All the evidence goes to show that they cared but little for their obligation of charity to poor travellers and to the poor at the gate.

The last era of monastic life at Christ Church was fittingly symbolized by the visits of Erasmus, Colet, and Madame de Montreuil to the shrine of St. Thomas. Erasmus showed a spirit of scepticism. Colet was frankly contemptuous of the exaggerated relic-worship. Madame de Montreuil would neither kneel nor kiss the shrine. So, with this spirit abroad, it is not to be wondered at that the dissolution of the cathedral priory early in 1540 caused little disturbance and few tears. There were 53 monks at the time of the suppression, 28 of whom joined the new collegiate establishment. The prior and the rest of the monks left the house with handsome pensions. An astonishing respect for legal forms marked the whole Dissolution procedure.





## BEING WITH GOD

By PAUL C. WEED

The following method of praying is offered as a help to those who have a rule to meditate for a certain period each day, and who often come to their prayer time hardly knowing what to say or do. It is a way so simple that the variations can never be exhausted. It is fully described as just "being with God."

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O Lord God, I come into your presence in obedience to my promise to give time each day in prayer. Accept the dedication of this time, and use it for whatever you want. You see my sins, you know my desires, nothing is hid from you. If there is any wrong desire, any selfish motive, in my coming to you, then take away what is wrong in my prayer.

You are here. I come to you. Let me just be with you. You are our Father, the Creator of all things. You have a plan for the world, and a will for me.

This is life eternal, to be here with you. Take away whatever of unreality there is in my prayer. I feel in myself all the frustration of insincerity, the poverty of my prayer; yet I *will* to be here; I *will* an act of faith that you are here. Accept my coming, accept my act, and let me rest quietly with you.

O God, I think of all the Saints who have prayed: St. Paul, St. Augustine, St. Catherine, St. Francis, St. Theresa. I think of all Christian people who are praying right now. Let my prayer be like theirs. Let me be in your presence as you, Lord Jesus, were with the Father when you prayed.

You are good, O Lord, to love me so much, to give me life, and the grace to want to love you. See how very much I need you. See the unsteadiness of my desire, the dull darkness of my mind. Help me to accept these limitations as a reparation for sin.

You are so holy, so vast, so all-consuming: out there, beyond what I see and feel and think. All these things are tokens of what you are. You are here in them too, here in my heart, here in my desire.

To you I pray. It is good to be with you. Thank you for letting me pray. Inform my mind and soul and body with your presence. Come Holy Spirit, the promise of Jesus, fill me, that your will may be done.

To you, O Lord, I bring those I have promised to pray for, these, my friends, whom you have given to me. Hear their prayers.

Bless the Church, this country, all people everywhere. Help the holy dead.

Bind us together with love. You are the true desire of all your creatures. Keep us true to you.

Now, let me rest in your presence. Speak to me in this quiet. Jesus, my friend, your love is so much bigger than I can conceive. Your love is all powerful. Your love is enough.

Accept, O Lord, this dedication of time. I believe you have heard. Accept my desire to be with you. Thank you for letting me pray.



# The Sacrament of Penance

By TERESA ST. JOHN

THE sacraments are means of grace. They are the channels through which God would pour His life into our lives. They might be called the spiritual steps that lead us to God. They are not ends in themselves, but means to our intended end—which is God. The sacrament of penance or confession is one of the channels through which God would pour out His Love and His Life, and it is probably the most neglected sacrament in the Episcopal Church today, even more so than Holy Unction. The Churches of the Anglican Communion that make regular use of all the sacraments have a fuller and more effective devotional and sacramental life and as a consequence enjoy the benefits of this life. They are obeying our Lord's command to feed His sheep. In too many of our churches the sacrament of penance is hidden as a candle under a bushel basket. As a layman, I believe the Church should make known to all her children these three essentials: what our Lord teaches about penance; the benefits to be obtained; and the use of penance as an offering to God.

As a preface it is well to admit that a labyrinthal maze of misunderstanding and prejudice exists. It is thought of as something that Roman Catholics *have* to do and therefore something that Episcopalians should be against. There are unfortunately too many uninformed Episcopalians who object to certain practices because they appear on the surface to be Roman Catholic only. The Orthodox, Old Catholics and Anglo-Catholics or Episcopalians have never discarded any of the seven sacraments, although we did allow penance to fall into widespread disuse for a time. Often

confirmation classes are left in total ignorance of the existence of this sacrament.

I do not remember when I first learned that there were Episcopalians who made their confessions. The idea was repugnant to me on account of my training and upbringing in the Church: our parish was very "Low." So, whenever I heard about people who went to confession, I felt embarrassed and was relieved when the conversation landed on more compatible ground. As with all things, my illumination on this sacrament was gradual: as my need of it became greater and greater, it pressed itself upon my consciousness with greater and greater force.

## Sins

As a church and as individuals, we are not nearly as efficient as we should or could be, if we would but open up this channel of God's grace. One so often hears the trite assertion that we would certainly not tell our sins to any man. Of course the Church's answer to this is that we do not tell our sins to any man: we confess them to God in the presence of God's representative—His priest. Again, so many times we hear the naïve statement, "Well, if I should ever do anything really wrong I guess I would go to confession,—and I wouldn't go to communion." The things "really wrong" come in the category of murder, bank robbery, or rape. Worship of money or social position, self-centered thoughts, gossip that gently undermines, and cheating in barely legal business deals, too often do not enter into the consciousness as definite, deliberate sin. Sometimes, too, it is not realized that the seal of the confessional cannot be broken.

No priest can ever reveal what has been told him in the confessional. A great number of people do not hesitate to confide in their doctors and lawyers, yet when it comes to acknowledging their sins to God in the presence of a priest there is an overwhelming reticence. There is such similarity about all sins that priests are not shocked at what they hear. Priests are human and therefore sinners, too, and they have need of the sacrament of penance just as lay people do.

Prayer Book authority for the use of penance will be found in the Office for the Visitation of the Sick, in the second exhortation in the service of Holy Communion, and in the Ordering of Priests.

In the Old Testament we read about the fall of man by sin and of man's continual desire for redemption; in the New Testament about our Lord forgiving sinners who were penitent. This is evidenced many times. When He was asked for healing of the body He first gave sight and healing to the soul. To Mary Magdalene He gave a fresh start and a new life in Him. Now He extends not only His gifts, but His Life itself to all people through His Church's ministry. As we all are sinners bound together not only by the original sin of Adam and Eve but also by our actual sin we all have need of redemption. So penance is a gift held out to us by an all-loving God Who longs to have us come back into His fellowship. It is a gift, however, that we are reluctant to receive because we lack humility, the virtue we lost through the sin of our first parents. We do not wish to pry too deeply into our souls for fear of what we may find. We want to fool ourselves, other people, and even God as long as possible. Un-



confessed and unforgiven sin has the inevitable result of piling up and causing uneasiness in the soul. Psychologists call this uneasiness inhibition and conflict. The cause of inhibition and conflict is sin that worries us, and also misconceptions that give us perverted ideas about one or more of the things of God's creation. Because we are made in the Image of the most Holy Trinity, we are bound to be uneasy when we pervert and deface that Image by sin.

### Benefits

This problem brings us to the second essential about this sacrament, that is, the benefits to be obtained by its use. It is a very difficult thing for most adults to make a first confession. I am sure it is difficult for children, but it is much more so for grown-ups. Adults have had time to absorb many prejudices and to build many strong mental and spiritual fences about themselves. One of the first thoughts that usually comes to adults when they begin to toy with the idea of making use of the sacrament is that they just couldn't tell certain of their sins to a priest. They want the priest to have a good opinion of them, and they feel that while they might be able to confess some things, there are others that they just couldn't admit. One must resolve to let go of false pride and without thinking of anything except the love and grace of God, simply go ahead and make the confession. Even while making a self-examination, a sense of reality begins to enter, and with God's help, a truer evaluation is made of one's soul. Then, after the confession has been made and absolution has been given, there enters into the soul such a wonderful sense of peace that the soul would never have dreamed possible. There is such relief and love that a new quality is added to life. There is also the feeling that now one will

never sin again. However, as we are not as strong as we imagine ourselves to be, we do sin again, and the sacrament of penance is again and again resorted to until the end of life. After some time, we begin to look upon this sacrament as a series of steps toward God. It opens up such innumerable channels for His Grace. After making use of the sacrament of penance, the Blessed Sacrament of the altar will give to us a much richer and deeper life within the Life of our Lord.

God is always ready to supply all that we need for and within our lives. When we, by our own volition, decide to make use of the sacrament of penance, He provides the means (in the way of a confessor) that we need. In some way God supplies us and also the priest with the necessary grace to take any steps that lead us nearer to Him. Many people have spoken to me of the ineffable peace and joy that became an actuality within their lives after they had made their first confessions followed by Holy Communion. With myself and with these others the question arises as to why we hadn't made use of this soul-healing sacrament before. The answer is that pride, ignorance, and misunderstanding kept us back. We didn't know the difference it could make in our lives. It carried over into our every day living and our every day contacts. We were able to be more effective in all of our doings because more of Christ could live in us.

### Confessors

It is quite likely that in the course of life we will find confessors who seem to be spiritually uncongenial and who do not seem to understand the problems of our particular souls. These confessors may seem to be woefully inadequate in the administering of this sacrament. These things in themselves have nothing whatever to do with the efficacy of the

sacrament and of the benefits to be obtained. Inadequate confessors are the result of lack of training in moral theology and in the elements of the spiritual life. For them we should cultivate charity and pray for them at all times.

In this life we are never free from temptation, and to those Episcopalians who have made not only a first confession but in whom the habit has become fairly well established, the temptation comes to dispense with the sacrament of penance. There comes a time when we feel that we can move on toward God without the continuing humility of penance. This is especially apt to be true if we go to some other parish and find that penance is never mentioned. If quite unobtrusively we continue to use this sacrament, we not only benefit ourselves but possibly other members of the parish and our confessor as well. All persons who truly seek for God and try at all times to do His will quite naturally influence others by their example. God longs to live in each one of us and He can only do so to the extent that we will let Him. It is through us that He would reach out to bring others to Him. Even if misunderstanding really exists between a penitent and a confessor that should in no circumstances deter him from the sacrament. Of course the rubric in the Prayer Book definitely implies that the penitent has a choice of a confessor, but quite often there isn't any choice for many of our towns and cities have only one Episcopal Church.

Our reason for making our confessions is not in order to be understood by a priest, but rather to get into a right relationship with God. Too often we are apt to fix our minds fixed upon a certain priest when it is God's desire that we leave behind our dependence upon human personality and be drawn to Him. In order to bring us closer to Him and as part



progress toward Him, He may allow a priest to be placed in our way who, to our minds, is spiritually inadequate. These obstacles are given us to help us become stronger spiritually. I have had confessors who I felt did not understand my spiritual needs, who positively irritated me. Yet, I am sure that through them, as well as through those priests with whom I felt a spiritual compatibility, I, and others like me, have been led nearer God.

Sometimes it happens that penitents are more advanced spiritually than their confessors. This need make no difference at all, for our Lord works through all of His priests, through them His penitents receive the necessary grace. A confessor's place upon the spiritual ladder need not be higher than his penitents' although it is preferable if it can be. It is necessary, however, that the confessor be continually growing nearer to God if he is to be of permanent help to all of his penitents.

### Offering

As humility grows and deepens in us, we come to look upon all of life with more reality. We have more understanding of God and of His purposes, and we begin to have more charity for our fellow man. Finally, a new quality or element enters into our perception in regard to the sacrament of penance. Wherein we first came to make our confessions for the benefit that *we* would receive from this sacrament, we now come to look upon penance as an offering that we can make to God. As confession is not compulsory in the Episcopal Church, this offering is voluntary. We offer our little humility before the greater humility of God. This offering aspect of penance should really be placed first, but it is not possible until we have learned our Lord's teaching about sin and penitence. Because we all have within us the

taint of original sin, we ask and look for benefits before we think of offering simply our very littleness to God. This giving of the self always has benefits, for God will never be outdone in generosity. He rewards our feeble efforts by stooping down to us and sweeping us up to Him.

Often those people who have never made use of the sacrament of penance object to its use. People who use the sacrament and know from experience God's forgiveness can in deep gratitude thank God for this means of His grace. Our Lord left the sacraments in order that all people might have the benefits of the Incarnation. Through the ministry of His Church, His Life is extended to us through all the sac-

raments. There may possibly be some few people to whom the sacrament of penance would not be necessary. It is possible that these people find that their contrition is as deep and their assurance of forgiveness as real as those people who use penance as the Church teaches. However, God has left the means of satisfying the greatest number of His children through the sacraments. Most of us need to learn the lesson of humility in the school of penance, and most of us have nothing to offer to God except souls upon which sin has left its mark. So we offer to God the little that we have, begging Him to accept it, because we know He loves us, and we love Him, and we want to love Him more.



*The Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary  
March 25th*



# "My Sacrifice and Yours"

By LOREN N. GAVITT

A sermon preached at the First High Mass offered by a newly ordained Priest.

**W**E are gathered here this morning on an occasion of signal importance, for today we are privileged to assist in the first High Mass offered by one who has been a Priest only four days. It is a notable, an extraordinary event, first to this young Priest. Before him, please God, stretch many years of life as a Priest in the Church Militant. And ordinarily, every day will begin by the exercise of his priesthood in the offering of the Mighty Sacrifice of Calvary. Yet today's offering will always stand out in his memory, this day when he first offered Mass with all the adjuncts of music and ceremonial which have become associated with it through the ages. So this is an occasion of singular importance to this young priest.

And it is an occasion of singular importance to his family—his father and mother, brothers and sisters, aunts and uncles—those people who are attached to him by those closest intimacies of family relationship and who are now related in family ties to a Priest. Today this little group of people have the indescribable privilege of being led into the very court of heaven to participate in the offering at the celestial altar, through the consecrated faculties of a Priest who is son, brother, nephew. In all their lives there will never be a brighter day for them.

It is an occasion of singular importance, too, to — Church, this parish through which God has been working so hard for so many years to bring men to himself in obedience, love and adoration. Oh, we accomplish so little for God here; so little, compared to the aching need of men for God today! Yet somehow God has been able to use us to raise up another Priest for his redeeming operation in the world. It was at this font that this Priest was incorporated into Christ. It was before this altar that he was given the strengthening power of Confirmation. It was at this altar rail that he first received the Living Christ in Holy Communion. It was in this parish that he learned the saving truths of the Christian faith and became sensitive to the voice of God calling him to give himself up entirely in consecrated service. So this is a day of supreme importance for this parish. Whatever our failures, we have been instrumental in producing another Priest who today stands at the altar to offer Christ's redeeming Sacrifice.

I will spare you any attempt to analyze my own emotions on this occasion, but I cannot refrain from a mention of my personal joy today. In the provi-

dence of God, I have been this young man's pastor. It has been my privilege to teach and direct him and he is now a Priest since he was a small boy. And you will understand that this is a day of sheerest joy to me personally.

## Joy in Heaven

Above all, this is an occasion of great importance to Mary and the saints. For if we may trust the teaching of Holy Scripture, the saints in heaven are not ignorant of our doings on earth, nor are they indifferent to our affairs. The thing that especially marks the character of the saints in glory is a burning desire that God's will and his interests may prevail on earth as they do in heaven. Thus the Church's work in bringing Christ's Blood-bought redemption into operation on earth is one of their main concerns. And here this morning another Priest is doing his characteristic work, offering the redeeming Sacrifice of Christ to the Father in the midst of the chaotic evil of this world.

No one can know how much the loving prayers of the Blessed Mother have had to do with this man's attaining to the high goal of the priesthood. She who once said to servants at a feast, "Whatsoever he shall say unto you, do it," has had a real part in the long series of things which have led to this event for which we are gathered here today. No one can know how much the prayers of the Martyrs have had to do with this man's being able to make the sacrifices which the priesthood entails. No one can know how much the prayers of the Confessors have had to do with his being able to conquer intellectual pride and so accept humbly the whole Christian faith. No one can know how much the prayers of the Virgins have had to do with his being able to combat the unbridled appetites and inclinations common to our fallen nature, which keep a man from doing God's will. This day is one of great importance and joy to the whole compassing cloud of witnesses in whose worship we shall soon be bidden to participate, as this new Priest proceeds with the preface to the Canon of the Mass.

This first High Mass, then, of this newly-ordained Priest is a singular, extraordinary event to the Priest himself, to his family, to his parish and pastor, to Mary and the saints.

Yet if we look beneath the surface and consider the underlying action which is taking place here this morning, this event is in no way extraordinary. It is entirely normal, completely usual, almost commonplace. For a Priest, whether he be ordained for a few days or many years, is always the same thing. He



nothing more or less than an instrument used by the great High Priest, Jesus Christ, our Ascended Lord. Whatever our personal relationship to him, whatever our personal interest in him, whatever of charm or compulsion he may have for us, whatever of brilliance or stupidity he may possess, a Priest is quite simply the one whom Christ uses to perform his own priestly action.

The Church's whole conception of the priesthood is grounded in the doctrine of the Church as the Body of Christ. The Church is a body, an organism, which the Risen, Ascended Christ uses to perform actions on earth. Because Christ is a Priest, the Church is a priestly body—the body of a Priest. When you were baptized, you were made part of a priestly body. Baptism bestows upon the human soul a share in the priesthood of Christ.

But if a body is to function, it must have specialization in its makeup. My physical body is entirely human because it is the body of a human being and I perform human acts by means of that body. But I can do so only because, in my body, are specialized members which do special things—eyes with which to see, ears with which to hear, etc. If this priestly body of Christ is to function, it must have this same kind of specialization in its makeup and the body functions only by means of these specialized members. The only way you, as a baptized soul, can exercise your part in Christ's priesthood is through those specialized members of the body that we call Priests. Holy Orders is the sacrament by which a man is raised to specialized functioning in the life of the body of Christ. The point is that the Risen Christ is always the real Actor in what the body does. So whatever a Priest may happen to be personally, whoever he may be, he is fundamentally a special organ of the body through which Christ operates. When a Priest goes to the altar, Christ begins to act, through his mystical Body in which all baptized souls are members, and using a specialized member of that body.

Wonderful as this occasion is to us, therefore, the underlying reality would be exactly the same if the celebrant this morning had been ordained fifty years ago if he were an entire stranger to us. That is why, before he approached the altar this morning, this Priest donned a uniform, exactly the same clothes any Priest would wear to perform this action. That, too, is why he uses traditional actions, gestures, etc., which are precisely the same as those used by all Priests. If this Priest should obtrude his particular personality or his particular personal tastes at the altar this morning, it would mean that he was putting himself between man and God as an effective barrier between the two.

So this occasion is entirely normal, in the first place, because Christ is simply using another Priest to perform his own priestly action. It is an entirely

normal occasion in the second place, because the action performed at the altar this morning is the normal operation of the Body of Christ. Whatever of sentiment we may have on this particular occasion, there is nothing extraordinary about what is happening here.

### The Church's Characteristic Act

Untold mischief has been done in Christian thinking by making the Eucharist an abnormal action, reserved for special occasions, performed now and then, relegated to times when few will be around. And no one could possibly measure how much of the evil of our time has come from the widespread notion that a member of the Body of Christ can be away from participation in the Eucharistic action of the Body and still be a normal Christian. Christ gave us this action and commanded its performance because it was to be the characteristic action of His Body on earth.

Certainly the Church does a multitude of things, but none of them excepting the Eucharist is characteristic of the Church. The Church prays, but other groups of people outside the Church pray too. Prayer is not the characteristic action of the Church. The Church holds services of one sort or another in which the Scriptures are read to people and psalms and hymns are said or sung together. But most human organizations, lodges, fraternities have rituals of this sort. Formal meetings are not characteristic of Christianity. The Church teaches truth, but other organizations teach truth too. The teaching of truth is not characteristic of Christianity. The Church performs good deeds, ministers to the sick, helps the underprivileged. But how many organizations outside the Church do the same thing! The performance of good works is not characteristic of Christianity. But the Eucharistic action IS characteristic. No other group of people can perform it. No other group of people pretends to be able to do so.

The Eucharist is the God-given method by which men on earth participate in fundamental reality. In the heavenly places, Christ offers his Sacrifice for us and for all mankind, to the Father, in the power of the Holy Ghost. On earth, we participate in this action by means of the Eucharist. We join ourselves to Christ, in whom we are members, and offer His Sacrifice to the Father, by the power of the Holy Ghost. All the varying aspects of Christianity and Christian living are gathered up, are focussed, find their real meaning, in this act which is the normal, characteristic action of Christianity.

If a Priest is preaching, it makes considerable difference whether or not he has powers of oratory. If, when you are in trouble, you go to a Priest for help, it makes a good deal of difference whether or not he has sympathy, tact and common sense. But if a



Priest is saying Mass, the action takes place whether he is gifted or not. Whenever any Priest goes to the altar, Christ offers His Sacrifice to the Father and we participate in that offering. This action, which is being performed here this morning, is one which is entirely normal, despite the fact of our emotions about it. The Body of Christ is functioning characteristically because there is a Priest at the altar.

So there are these two aspects of this occasion. On the one hand, it is a singular, extraordinary event. On the other hand, it is entirely normal, usual, ordinary.

We are glad today because the celebrant of this Mass is one whom we know and love. We wish him all success in the priesthood which he is so auspiciously beginning here. But we know, as he knows, that success in the priesthood will come only as he loses himself in the Great High Priest and is pre-emi-

nently an instrument through which the Body of Christ functions normally. This is the greatness of the Catholic priesthood, unfolded here before your eyes.

O Priest—what are you anyway?

You are not self-made, because you came from nothingness;

Your end is not yourself, because you are a mediator between God and man;

You are not your own, because you belong to the Church by solemn vows;

Your life is not to gain anything for yourself because you are a servant of all;

You are not yourself, because you are a minister of God.

What are you, then?

You are at once nothing and all things.

O BLESSED PRIEST!

## Meditation on the Passion of Our Lord

By CONSTANCE GARRETT

### I

Jesus  
By Thy Body and Blood  
Bestowed,  
Within the bread and wine  
Received,  
Bless us.

### II

Jesus  
In the lonely garden  
Forgotten,  
In agony by sins  
Begotten,  
Bless us.

### III

Jesus  
With a kiss, "Hail Master"  
Betrayed,  
To bands with swords and  
staves  
Arrayed,  
Bless us.

### IV

Jesus  
By the high priest, faultless,  
Accused  
By cold Pilate, guiltless,  
Condemned,  
Bless us.

### V

Jesus  
By cursing Peter thrice  
Denied,  
By some for doubt and fear  
Deserted,  
Bless us.



### VI

Jesus  
By the cruel soldiers  
Buffeted,  
With the long purple robe  
Mocked,  
Bless us.

### VII

Jesus  
On the terrible Cross  
Nailed,  
By Thy grieving Mother  
Bewailed,  
Bless us.

### VIII

Jesus  
By jeering multitude  
Reviled,  
By the wavering crowds  
Beguiled,  
Bless us.

### IX

Jesus  
To the penitent thief  
Forgiving,  
To Thy God in anguish  
Appealing,  
Bless us.

### X

Jesus  
By Thy death and passion  
Atoning,  
By Thy glorious resurrection  
Consummating  
Bless us.



# These Things I Saw

By IRENE E. SOEHREN

**M**Y trunk, like a conventional tourist, had gone directly to Paris, so I had to go to the Gare St. Lazare to retrieve it and to pass the customs. With sublime Gallic disregard for business-like methods and efficiency, the "douane" was posted—in the middle of the afternoon! A crowd was milling around, and a solid cordon of gendarmes was keeping the center of the station clear.

In Europe it is of the highest importance to be Somebody. I was nobody. And it therefore followed as irrevocably as death and doom that I could not get my clothes because His Eminence Eugenio Cardinal Pacelli was momentarily expected. This particular cardinal was papal secretary of state and ranked next in importance to the Holy Father himself. He came to France as papal legate to consecrate the new basilica of Ste. Thérèse de l'Enfant Jésus at Lisieux, and because of diplomatic relations with the Holy See, he was accorded all the honors due a president or reigning monarch. All sorts of important personages were there, including high dignitaries of the Church of Rome and the Third French Republic. I was there too; but, as I've said before, I was not a Personage. So all I got was a glimpse of the cardinal's scarlet.

## Notre Dame de Paris

A few days later a Roman Catholic friend, one of my old college professors, invited me to go with her to Notre Dame Cathedral to a pontifical high mass celebrated by this same Cardinal Pacelli. My cousin and I were to meet Dr. Réau at the cathedral, and we planned to go by bus. However, we stood on the wrong corner an inordinately long time, and when

we got on the right one, the bus did not come. I got more and more agitated because Dr. Réau is always very punctual, and I did not want to attempt a pontifical high mass without her. So we took a taxi. In any other city taking a taxi would not be noteworthy. In Paris, it was. Taxis in 1937 still looked as if they belonged to the vintage that took part in the Battle of the Marne, and the way they went careening across the Place de la Concorde, honking their horns nine tenths of the time and blithely ignoring the

gendarmes all of the time, invariably inspired in me the greatest awe and admiration.

When we reached the cathedral, a large crowd had already assembled. We learned later that it was the biggest crowd at Notre Dame since the coronation of Napoleon. It was also the first time since then that a papal legate had visited France. For a few minutes my cousin and I stood apart in the square, contemplating Notre Dame. The most beautiful part of this rather heavy-looking cathedral, most of which dates from





the 13th century, is the façade, the most ancient of its kind. There are three great portals and three different stages in height with sculptures depicting Adam and Eve, the kings of Israel and Judah represented as kings of France, St. Anne, the Blessed Virgin with angels, and the Last Judgment. The towers are square without spires. On the balustrade above the highest gallery of ogival arches are the chimeras, which served as water spouts, and the monsters and gargoyles, which scared off the demons and evil spirits that used to come around there in the Middle Ages.

We could not find Dr. Réau, so we went into the cathedral, which was already filled with people. There was standing room only. Wooden barriers, which looked like portable sections of fence, had been placed along the center aisle to keep it clear for the procession, and we joined the several rows of people standing behind those nearest the entrance to the cathedral. Some women, intent on improving their standing still further, brought in a table and proceeded to stand on it while others remonstrated indignantly, "You are in a church—not a public fair or market!" Gradually my cousin and I worked our way close to the barrier. I had my purse, my umbrella, and my indispensable Baedeker. I also had my opera glasses. It never occurred to me to question their propriety. St. Paul said that woman must cover her head in the Church, but he never once said that she may not use opera glasses there.

The procession, with all the splendor and pageantry of the Roman Catholic hierarchy, was very colorful. And most resplendent of all in his scarlet robes was the most eminent of them all—Eugenio Cardinal Pacelli. He said the mass in a manner I had never seen before. The altar was a table without reredos under a canopy

of richest damask, and it was so placed that the celebrant stood behind it, facing the people. I was told that only the pope or his representative said mass thus in our day, but I believe that it is of very ancient usage, often practiced in the primitive Church.

In the middle of the service, the cardinal came to the pulpit, near the center of the nave, and spoke. I could understand French spoken with an American accent or even with a French accent, but the cardinal spoke with an Italian accent, and I understood very little of his sermon. A few people had wormed through where the barriers joined and were standing in the central aisle. After a long, long time I succeeded in doing the same and could then use my glasses with greater freedom. But when at last the mass was ended and they began to clear the passage for the recessional, I was pushed up against one of the barriers. The crowd was so dense that the barrier gave way under the pressure and tipped way back. I could no longer keep my balance and stand on my two feet. In fact, if I remember my geometry correctly, I was at a 45 degree angle. Women, and men too, were protesting all around me. "Don't push!" "I'm not pushing!" "Oh, I am going to be crushed!" I had visions of the thing going down completely with about ten people on top of me. My temperature and blood pressure began to go up while I frantically clutched my possessions. I became upset, mentally as well as literally, as I remembered all kinds of disasters in crowds where people got trampled under foot. When my hat got pushed askew, I pulled it off and clutched it too. I no longer cared what St. Paul said.

But as the procession came slowly down the aisle, I somehow managed to regain my equilibrium and revert to the usual vertical position. The crowd was

wildly enthusiastic, shouting "Vive le cardinal!" and holding out rosaries for him to bless. The dark, slender cardinal with ascetic, aquiline face and kindly, intelligent eyes in which I read wisdom, passed very near to me, making the sign of the cross. In only a few years the prince of the church was to be given an even greater preeminence and to be elevated to the papacy as Pius XII. Priest, bishop, cardinal, pope . . . ! Now he sits on Peter's throne.

### Solesmes

*"Chant truly spiritual, with flowers in an atmosphere of serenity, of peace, and of finite gentleness, ideal instrument of prayer and of the purely spiritual relations of the soul with God."*

In France, every day is a saint's day, even on ordinary secular holidays, and school holidays, in many ways coincided with festivals of the Church. The first holiday was the lycée de jeunes filles where I was English Assistant that year came at the Toussaint, and that is how I happened to go to Solesmes for three festivals in a row: Christ the King, All Saints, and All Souls.

Night had already fallen when the train left me in the little village of Sablé, three miles from the monastery, and I walked alone over country roads along the Sarthe to Solesmes. I had written to "le Pere Hotelier" to inquire about lodgings and had been directed by him to the Pension St. Jeanne d'Arc. He had written that he was happy to be able to render me so light a service and to present to me the expression of his most religious devotion. He also enclosed a card which read, "Abbatial Church of St. Peter of Solesmes, Offices of the 1st of November 1937, Mass: 9:00 o'clock, Vespers: 16 o'clock. Entrance card for one person. This card must be presented



le before the beginning of the  
ice, and assures strictly only  
trance into the church." Of  
urse, I don't suppose that wom-  
e, Anglican or otherwise, are  
er assured of very much more  
n that at Solesmes, but all the  
ne I thought it nice of the  
ther Guest Master to look after  
e that much.

The next morning I presented  
myself at the monastery gate. A  
nd, gentle lay brother, who ful-  
ed in every way the injunction  
"notre Père Saint Benoît" to  
ceive guests as the Christ Him-  
f, admitted me and the other  
itors into the monastery gar-  
n. The abbey church, of which  
ly the tower and the massive  
nd arches are ancient, is sim-  
e, dignified, austere. In the  
nsepts are the famous Renais-  
sance sculptures known as the  
aints of Solesmes," represent-  
g the Entombment of Christ  
d the Tomb of the Holy Vir-  
e. The choir, with light grace-  
arches, is modern and com-  
ratively plain.

For more than a century the  
nks of Solesmes have dedicat-  
themselves to the rediscovery  
d restoration of plainsong.  
arcely anywhere else in the  
rld is the ancient liturgical mu-  
sing with such consummate  
fection. Yet individual monks  
ometimes showed themselves  
are of imperfection. When any  
d made a mistake in the stress  
phrasing of the plainsong, he  
pped forward from his stall  
d knelt for a moment towards  
e altar to beg forgiveness for  
fault. But to the listener no  
ch flaws were audible, and the  
ainsong of Solesmes was over-  
whelmingly beautiful.

Gregorian chant is the sung  
ayer of the Church. Its melo-  
es, purely monodic and con-  
ved without any accompani-  
ent, do not exist for themselves;  
ey are made in order to set in  
ief a text, to which they are  
sely related. Ordinarily, it is

as if the melody flows from the  
words, whose general sense it  
translates. Unfortunately for  
those of us who desire our serv-  
ices in our own modern lan-  
guages, the Latin word greatly in-  
fluenced its form, melody, and  
rhythm. It is a music essentially  
Latin, and it loses something  
when it is adapted to the English.  
I think that it is also a music es-  
sentially masculine. Again un-  
fortunately, it loses something of  
its resonance and sonority when it  
is sung by women.

Restricted and disciplined in  
its musical form, Gregorian art  
is not less so in its object, which  
is exclusively prayer. It is not art  
for art's sake. It rises above the  
purely esthetic, artistic, and musi-  
cal domains. Nor is it composi-  
tion for concert performance,  
however sacred. Very expressive,  
it does not aim at effect for ef-  
fect's sake. It is entirely dedicated  
to the service of prayer, to the  
function of prayer, that is to say,  
to the intimate intercourse of  
the soul with God. It is wholly  
religious.

"No charm," says a French  
writer, "is lacking to these chants,  
not even that of mystery. There  
is scarcely one whose author is  
known. They are anonymous. All  
that these works had from man  
has perished; they no longer sur-  
vive except through that which  
came to them from God." They  
reflect faithfully the beauty of the  
holy souls who composed them  
and of the monks who transmitted  
them from generation to genera-  
tion, so deeply are they impreg-  
nated with faith, with confidence,  
with love for God and man.  
Everything in them is combined  
to assure peace, indispensable  
condition of prayer—that true,  
profound peace which is the joy-  
ful flowering of the soul in the  
harmonious balance of all its fac-  
ulties. That is the characteristic  
note of Gregorian music. "It ad-  
dresses itself to the highest part  
of the soul," wrote Dom Mocque-

reau. "Its beauty, its nobility  
come from the fact that it bor-  
rows nothing, or the least pos-  
sible, from the world of the  
senses. It passes through them,  
but it is not to them that it ad-  
dresses itself."

The Middle Ages were the  
golden age of plainsong. In  
later centuries its simplicity, its  
strength, and its depth were lost.  
To restore the chants to their  
primitive luster, the ardent and  
persevering work and research of  
the Benedictines of Solesmes, not-  
ably Dom Pothier and Dom Moc-  
quereau, were necessary. To the  
liturgy of the Church the monks  
of Solesmes have given intensity  
and sobriety, courtesy and grace,  
dignity and indescribable beauty.

Today from eighty to a hun-  
dred fathers, whose black habits  
exhale the odor of incense as they  
pass, sing the offices at Solesmes.  
Their voices, flexible and expres-  
sive, are perfectly trained, though  
their choir master is quick to  
point out that Solesmes is not a  
conservatory where voices are  
specially cultivated, but a monas-  
tery where all must submit to the  
exigencies of the monastic life  
and where everyone must sing the  
offices, even the least endowed  
musically. Ordinarily the voices  
are supported by the organ, weav-  
ing a background pattern of  
sound that is soft but exceedingly  
clear. It sustained the choir  
during the masses and offices of  
the feasts of Christ the King and  
All Saints. Then, at First Vespers  
of All Souls, there was a sudden,  
dramatic cessation of the organ  
music, and the offices of the dead  
were sung unadorned and with-  
out accompaniment, like a sym-  
bol of that last day when each of  
us must go forth to stand alone  
before our Creator.

Once heard, the splendor of the  
music of Solesmes makes all oth-  
er music for a time sound insigni-  
ficant and ignoble by compari-  
son. For this alone it was worth-  
while to have come so far. I



watched these fathers—men with the faces of saints and of great scholars—as they performed their *Opus Dei*, the Benedictines' "Work of God." In them I saw that soul and flower of monasticism which I had not seen at the Mont St. Michel. I heard music that was truly an ideal instrument of prayer, for prayer it was. Devoutly, intently, I listened with my soul. \* \* \* I hear it yet.

### St. Bartholomew the Great and St. Paul's

*"He will not suffer thy foot to be moved—"*

I spent all the long vacations in England. The first time I crossed the Channel, I looked in vain for the white cliffs of Dover. I can't say that I ever really saw them, but perhaps that was just because I am so literal minded.

Anyway, of all the foreign lands I saw, I loved England best. It was as though I went to the house of my grandmother. It was old-fashioned, quaint, backward by American standards, but I sensed a certain kinship there, and in the things of the spirit I felt that it was often ahead of my own more materialistic, business-like, hurried America.

In London I went to services of the Church of England for the first time. One afternoon Miss Kyd, an Englishwoman with whom I became acquainted, volunteered to go sight-seeing with me. We went down to Fleet Street and the Strand, where many of the shops still had the elaborate decorations for the Coronation. Ultimately we reached Smithfield, where many Protestants were burned at the stake in the

time of Mary Tudor. Near Bartholomew's Hospital is perhaps the oldest church in London: the Church of St. Bartholomew the Great, founded by Rahere here in 1163. Rahere was a monk and this was his priory Church. Somehow the name of Rahere intrigued me. What was Rahere's vision, of which my entrance card spoke?

Behind the high altar was the Lady Chapel, and from there we descended into an interesting crude chapel in the crypt. It seems to have been a mortuary chapel where the funeral was held. Next we visited the cloister, which had been glacial in and which contained some ancient tombs. Leaving it, Miss Kyd got a rather bad fall. There were some steps down, and she was looking back at me so that she did not notice them. Like so many European churches, the old English man Church of St. Bartholomew was extremely dark, and we had to rummage about as best we could in the obscurity. From the church we passed through a side court and then through an arched gateway into the street. Above this arch was a little hole from a window of which Queen Mary had watched the fires of Smithfield.

After tea and crumpets we hurried on to St. Paul's Cathedral for 4:00 o'clock Evensong. (Evensong in English churches was in mid-afternoon, which undoubtedly accounted for the 3:00 o'clock service at Old Trinity, New York.) Having a certain predilection for Norman and Gothic churches, I had thought that I would like St. Paul's. But actually I did not. Wren's masterpiece. Perfectly immense, it is impressive and beautiful as well. At 4:00 o'clock a men's choir came in and took its place in the choir stalls before the high altar. The choir was numerous because it was vacation time, and the boys were g



It was a beautiful service, and I had time to sit and gaze at the sanctuary so that I could carry an impression of it away with me.

Miss Kyd was much annoyed at a number of hatless girls who dispersed in front of us and had not the remotest idea when to stand up and when to sit down. But for me the climax came with the singing of the psalms. I had the greatest difficulty keeping a straight face when the choir intoned, "He will not suffer thy lot to be moved, and He that repeth thee will neither slumber nor sleep" as I suddenly had a prophetic vision of my companion stumbling down the steps of St. Bartholomew the Great. I don't know why my sense of humor could embarrass me by conjuring up such visions at such a time, but under the circumstances my private little joke struck me as being riotously funny. Fortunately for my reputation, I was able to maintain an outwardly sober and pious demeanor—and to keep my daughter silent before the altar.

All Saints', Margaret Street  
*"Male and female created He them."*

They told me to change at the Mag's Head. I changed at the Mag's Head all right, but I took the tram going in the wrong direction, so of course I was late to All Saints', Margaret Street. Now, according to my ecclesiastical upbringing, people should not be late to church, so I made a rather tentative, unobtrusive sort of an entrance. I waited at the door until prayer was over, and then I pooted as quickly as possible into the nearest available pew.

The interior of All Saints', Margaret Street, was very mid-Victorian and quaint, and it was not at all spacious or light. As I settled myself in my seat, my eyes gradually became accustomed to the obscurity. Then I belatedly

discovered that I was entirely surrounded by men and that all the women were across the aisle. So I had to make matters worse for myself by retreating down the aisle again, passing behind most of the congregation, and going over to the other side where the women were seated. I felt frightfully conspicuous, but I should have felt more so to remain where the population was entirely and exclusively male. When I did get situated, my neighbor on the

right kindly provided me with books. My neighbor on the left was in a tearful mood and wept all through the service, and I wondered what was wrong but was scarcely in a position to do anything about it.

I never did find out exactly why, of all Anglican parishes, All Saints', Margaret Street, separated the men and the women. I was perfunctorily told that it was the custom. And in England, that settled it.

### THE CHURCH'S DISCIPLINE AS TO FASTING AND ABSTINENCE

This statement of what the Church requires was prepared and published by a Committee representing the Clerical Union for Defence and Maintenance of Catholic Principles, the American Church Union, and other organizations in the Episcopal Church.

Fasting is a Christian duty. In modern times it is customary to distinguish between abstinence (in which the quality of food is lowered, usually by not eating meat) and fasting (in which the quantity of food is reduced as well) although the terms are sometimes used interchangeably. The discipline "which the Church requires" is widely recognized to be the following:

#### Rules of Fasting and Abstinence

1. Abstinence from flesh meat on Fridays throughout the year (except those falling on Christmas or Epiphany or between those feasts).
2. Fasting, usually meaning not more than a light breakfast, one full meal, and one half meal, on the forty days of Lent.
3. Fasting with abstinence on Ember Days, on Wednesdays and Fridays in Lent, and on Easter Even up to noon, at which time Lent is commonly held to end and Eastertide to begin.

Those who cannot choose their food (soldiers, certain employees, etc.) should eat what is set before them, although they should welcome the opportunity to observe abstinence. (It is understood, however, that in tropical countries, where meat is hard to obtain and therefore not an ordinary part of the diet, abstinence is commuted to some other form of discipline than going without flesh meat.) Illness, old age, extreme youth, and heavy manual work excuse from fasting, but the major Fast Days of Ash Wednesday and Good Friday, as the American Prayer-Book indicates, are stricter in obligation, though not in observance, than the other Fast Days, and therefore should not be neglected except in cases of serious illness or other necessity of an absolute character.



# Putting Back the Meaning

*A Letter From Pat*

Sunday after Epiphany

Dear Father,

There are still three classes tomorrow which I need to study for, but I feel I must take time to write you my difficulties, or I shall never be able to concentrate on Spanish verbs and the details of European history. You have always been so good in helping me, even now that I am away from home, that I shall feel better just for the telling.

I am quite bewildered; when I was converted two years ago, it never occurred to me in my enthusiasm that this could happen. My religious-spiritual life has fallen apart, and I don't know what to do. This is quite incoherent; I'll tell you what happened this morning. I got up, made my preparation for Mass, and arrived at St. Mary's quite early. I remained kneeling to say some prayers. The Service began. As we came to the Incarnation in the Creed, I genuflected. And then the most terrible realization swept over me. I knew that I had done *everything*—my preparation and early prayers, and listening to the first part of the Mass—automatically, without any attention at all. None of it meant anything to me any more.

Perhaps I am not making myself clear at all. I'm sure such a thing couldn't happen to you, or any priest or holy person, but maybe it has happened to others. It's almost like looking for one's soul and not finding it. I tried after the realization to listen to Mass, and I couldn't even make the words touch my soul. The past years of worship and love of God seem in vain now that I have lost the meaning of it all.

Can you help me? I will do anything you say, as I have done before, if only there is some way to put the meaning back.

Affectionately,

Pat

*The Answer to Pat's Letter*

Feast of St. Anthony

My Dear Pat,

Your recent letter was of great interest to me, since it showed me that you have now reached a position in your life within the Church which most of us seem compelled to occupy for a longer or a shorter time. The experience which you describe as happening to you during Mass is quite common. Nearly everyone who has been in the Church for some time can recognize it as similar to something which happened to him at some time or other. We realize that we are going through actions and saying words which the great masters of the art of worship have

felt were not only worthy (in their degree) of God whom we worship, but also capable of lifting poor earth-bound mortals, to the company of Angels and Archangels; and yet at the very time doing this we are conscious of being far from participation—this, I say, is a common sad experience. It is, you see, one form of inattention at prayer—and who has not experienced that?

The struggle against wanderings of mind and inattention during the worship of God is great and long. For some of us, it may require a lifetime of effort to win. With God's good grace and our own sincere effort, I am confident that it can, ultimately, be overcome; but do not, I urge you, make the mistake of thinking that this is going to be an easy conquest.

Parenthetically, I might remark that this is something about which the clergy know a great deal from first hand. Since they pray more than most laypeople (at least, I hope they do), they are more beset by such temptations. Don't for a moment think that the Sacrament of Holy Orders gives immunity. There are times when, personally, I am inclined to believe that, if anything, it is an added challenge to our Ancient Enemy to give us the "benefit" of a moment more of his personal attention.

Coming now to your problem, there are quite a number of things which I could suggest to you as possible helps in overcoming your fault in this respect. Perhaps, before we finish with it, we shall go through the entire catalogue. Rather than give you all of them at once, I wish to begin by a suggestion which I have found helpful, and which a number of those under my spiritual direction have also tried with great profit to their souls. In a moment, when I tell you what it is, you may think it very stupid, childish, and quite unworthy of a college student. Please do not thus despise and discard it because of its first blush it appears to be too simple. Many times in our spiritual lives, the simplest solutions are the best. Let me urge you to make a sincere trial of this method before turning to something else. If I were a dictatorial person, I should command this; as it is, I shall only urge it as emphatically as I am able.

In its essence, my solution is the conscious attempt to enter more fully into the meaning of the words and ceremonies of our public worship. This is best done *outside* of the corporate worship of the Church. I would advise devoting your time for meditation to this for a while. Do not have any fear that you will drain these things dry of their meaning by doing so—there is more than enough material here for a lifetime's meditations. As we understand more and more the meaning of the Church's Liturgy, however, it will become increasingly precious to us—and we are never inattentive or indifferent about our treasures. Remember: Where your treasure is, there your heart will be also.

I realize that this is becoming quite long for a letter, but if you will bear with me, I should like to give you a concrete illustration of how this thing I am talking about works. I suppose, really, what I am trying to say is in itself a kind of meditation. However this may be, I hope that it may help you in understanding and applying my solution of your difficulty.

You write me that you first became conscious of this inattention as you bent the knee in honor of our Blessed Lord's Incarnation during the recitation of the Symbol of our Faith. Inasmuch as that affords a good starting place, let me use it for my example. Let us try to realize more fully the wonder of this mystery of our Faith, and perhaps, you may find that your attention will not wander at this point in the future.

First of all, let us begin by considering who God is. Quite simply, let us dwell for a bit upon those attributes which indicate His Greatness. Consider that there has never been a time when He did not exist, that there is no place removed from His holy presence, that there is nothing which He does not know. This is the God who made the universe in which we live. He it is who sustains it in existence. He could, if He wished, in less time than it takes to blink the eye, reduce it to absolute nothingness. It is not frightening to think of this, is it not? However, it is good for us to be frightened thus, for we must try very hard to realize who God is before we go on to the next step.

It was this very self-same God who took human nature to Himself and "was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary, and was made Man." When we think so tenderly of the Babe of Bethlehem, we must also remember that He is fully and completely God. I am sure that the more we consider this truth the greater must become our awe and wonder. To think that God, who is such a God, could thus humble Himself to take the Flesh of His creatures! Yet there it is, all expressed for us in the easily understood terms of a human life—a life so astonishingly like our own. ("For we have not an high God which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like we are, yet without sin.")

Now let us face boldly the question: What is the meaning of this? Why did God ever do such a thing? Of course we know the answer right away—"For us men and for our salvation." Let us not hurry on with the swiftness of the Creed, however, for there are many things here which we ought to note. Now, begin at the end and work back. "For our salvation." Stated as briefly as possible it means that we human beings (not just Adam and Eve, or the folk of the first century B.C., but every one of us—you and I too) had eased ourselves into an inescapable predicament.

It was such a very bad state of affairs that no one of us, or all of us together, could ever have worked ourselves out of it. We simply had to have help from the outside. We needed a Saviour. We needed *salvation*. Salvation from what? From eternal death and Hell (the rewards of sin). Yes, I know that it is the custom these days to smile in the indulgent fashion we use toward a child's tale of fairies when we mention Hell; we rather enjoy fooling ourselves into thinking that there really is no such thing or place as Hell; yet there the grim reality stands for us. It was to save us from such an end that God took flesh. Right there, if we would but take time to dwell upon it, is something to put new meaning for us into the statement of the Creed. Jesus Christ surely knew the truth about Hell, and He was willing to do what He did to save us from it. We could spend a lot of time on this point, but this is a letter so we must hurry on.

To go back to the first statement now: "For us men." Alas, how seldom do we apply all this to ourselves! Somehow we have a very bad habit of mind which leads us to think of the Incarnation, Life, Passion, and Triumph of our Blessed Lord as something quite apart from ourselves. We must fight this. We must strive to realize that it was quite literally God's love *for me* which brought Him to the Manger and the Cross. Only as we realize this more and more can we hope to understand the language of devotion. "For us men" does not mean some vague, nebulous, undefined group of human beings; it means you, and it means me.

Now it is an easy step from here to our next consideration. It has to do with our relations with other men. We are living in a world which has just emerged from global war, and even now seems to be filled with various sorts of left-over hatreds. We as followers of the Incarnate Son of God have got to face up to what His Incarnation can and does mean for people in such a world.

Not so very long ago we had a military and political enemy which we knew as the Empire of Japan. The citizens of this Empire were (supposedly) easily detected because of their "racial characteristics." Since men must hate in order to fight well, the machinery of propaganda went to work (and it did not have to work very hard) to make us hate these people. Many innocent persons (as for instance a Chinese friend of mine) were hurt into the bargain, but that did not matter. The hatred piled up and increased. Supposedly educated people who should have known better took up the jargon and no one said "Japanese" any more, but always "Japs." They were "those monkey-faced yellow devils." I do not hold a brief for the Japanese policy, or for their method of conducting war. My point is this: Jesus Christ did just as much for those people as He did for us. He loves them with the same love wherewith



He loves us. Such of them as have embraced our Holy Religion are as fully and completely our Christian brothers as the most highly revered and pious Communicant of our local Parish. This is the teaching of the Creed. This is the obvious implication of the Doctrine of the Incarnation. "In Christ there is no East or West."

But, I have dwelt too long upon this point. There is one more thing which I would mention, and then I shall leave you to carry on by yourself. We are told frequently that the Incarnation is the basis for the Church's Sacramental System, that it is the "Sacrament of Sacraments." Here in the most sublime manner we find God mediating His spiritual gifts to us through the means of material things. This, of course, is true. But there is another consideration which we all too frequently forget, and yet I think that for our "scientific age" it is most important. Do you not see that this gives a new meaning to Matter (whatever that may be)? I have heard stressed again and again the scientist's disclaimer of moral responsibility for the output of his laboratory in the slogan that scientific discoveries are a-moral and capable of being turned to good or bad uses as may happen to come to pass later. In the light of the Incarnation, I wonder if this is true. The thought comes into my mind that we ought to develop a new reverence for material things, since the good God sees fit to use

them for bestowing such great spiritual gifts upon us. Are we not, perhaps, at fault in our attempt to build a "wall of partition" between the spiritual and the material? Are we attempting the impossible?

As you can see, I have carried you now into the realm of my own ponderings upon this great truth and its implications for me. I have not dealt exhaustively with any of these considerations—my hope was to suggest lines of thought to you which might be profitable, not to exhaust them.

It goes without saying that this same method applies not only to the remainder of the Creed, but to the whole of the Mass. Then, too, there are the Offices; but I think you had better limit yourself to the Mass for the time being. After all, it is the heart and core of Christian worship. Why not try selecting some part of the text of the Mass, or some ceremony if you choose, and write me your considerations based upon it? It might prove helpful to us both.

If, after you have tried this, you feel that it is not helpful in your case, as I said above there are other things which you should try. I hope that you will continue to feel free to come to me with your problems at any time. Remember that I have you constantly in my prayers, and now I shall ask our Blessed Lord to give you His divine Help in what you are trying to do.

Faithfully yours,

## NEW RECORDS

—The Listener

Composition, Composer, Artist, Identification	Technical	Remarks
Mozart: Symphony No. 41 in C ("Jupiter"). Toscanini and NBC Symphony Orchestra. Four 12-inch records. Victor DM-1080. \$4.85	Full-bodied and brilliant sounding recording. A few rough surfaces. Reverse side of fourth disc holds Bach's Air from the Suite No. 3 in D.	Mozart wrote his last three symphonies within a period of no more than six weeks. The last of them, the "Jupiter," is probably the greatest of all the Mozart symphonies. A work of great loftiness of expression.
Mozart: Sonatas for Violin and Harpsichord. . . . Sonatas in C Major (K. 296), in B-flat Major (K. 378), and G Major (K. 379). Alexander Schneider, violinist, and Ralph Kirkpatrick, harpsichordist. Columbia MM-650. Six 12"-records. \$6.85	Excellent reproduction of both instruments.	Mozart performed upon both the harpsichord and the violin and his interest in these instruments lives on in these magnificent examples of Mozartian chamber music.
Chopin: Sonata in B-flat Minor. Artur Rubinstein, pianist. Victor DM-1082. Three 12"-records. \$3.85	Excellent recording, with a minimum of percussive rattle.	Chopin has done more to make piano music popular than any other composer. Although Chopin, himself, did little concertizing, the public recital has thrived on his music. Rubinstein gives this sonata an impassioned interpretation. The second movement is the well-known "Marche funèbre."
Debussy: Preludes (Book II). Robert Casadesus, pianist. Columbia MM-644. Six 10"-records. \$5.25	Excellent recording. Clear-cut reproduction of Mr. Casadesus's fine shadings.	These twelve miniature tone poems vary in subject matter from delicate fairy dances and rustling of dead leaves to glittering flashes of fireworks. A good introduction to the piano music of Debussy.



## Press Notes

By the time these Notes appear Lent will have begun and perhaps you, with some of the rest of us, will be conscious of a great gap between the Rule we have for ourselves and the keeping of it. The temptation to give up is one which assails all of us, and most especially when we are making a particular effort to love our Lord and be faithful to Him through the keeping of our Lenten rule. At such times it is well to recall that we are engaged in a very real warfare and that Satan and his cohorts are very busy. Have you read WARFARE OF THE SOUL by Fr. Hughson? If not, you should find it a most helpful guide. We have a copy for you, or for you to send to another.

The publications of our Press seem to get around. A friend of ours who was in the Army gave a copy of our "Instructions on administering the Sacrament of Penance" to a Japanese priest who found it of such value that he translated it into Japanese for the use of other priests in his district. We received a copy of the Japanese version for our archives. During the past year we received a rather large number of requests for a new edition of Fr. Hughson's booklet THE PASSION OF THE KING, brief meditations for Lent. We had hoped to have it well in advance of Lent, but as it turned out it was ready just shortly before Ash Wednesday and that didn't give us much time to advertise it in these pages. However, it is never too late to begin making a daily meditation and if you should want a copy please let us know and we will send it promptly.

It may interest some of our friends to learn that we now have a "Branch Office" of The Press in Africa. For several months the others of our Mission there have been distributing our literature

and copies of THE MAGAZINE, and sales have been remarkably brisk.

### Books Received

THE STORY OF JESUS. Paper. 31 pages. Morehouse-Gorham Co. Twenty Cents. Text from the King James Version with illustrations from the old masters. A beautiful little booklet. HE LIVES. By the Rt. Rev. Austin Pardue, Bishop of Pittsburgh. Cloth. 105 pages. Morehouse-Gorham Co. \$1.00. WHAT DOES THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH STAND FOR? By W. Norman Pittenger. Pamphlet of 24 pages. Fifteen cents. Morehouse-Gorham Co. MARRIAGE LAWS OF THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH. Pamphlet of 15 pages. Fifteen Cents. Morehouse-Gorham Co. SON OF THE LAND. By Ivy Bolton. A novel of the 14th Century in England. 211 pages. Cloth \$2.25. Julian Messner, New York. A paper bound pamphlet by E. R. Hardy, Jr. entitled ORTHODOX STATEMENTS ON ANGLICAN ORDERS.

Morehouse-Gorham Co. 72 pages. \$1.00. PRAYER AND PRAISE FOR JUNIORS by Maurice Clarke. Cloth. \$1.00. 53 pages. LITTLE CHILDREN'S PRAISES by Maurice Clarke. Cloth. \$1.00. Morehouse-Gorham Co. 64 pages. THY KINGDOM COME, a course on the social meaning of the Christian Faith by Harold B. Hunting. The Cloister Series of Church School Courses. Ninety cents for the Teacher's manual and \$1.00 for the Student's manual. (56 pages for Teacher's manual and 107 pages for the Student's manual.) OUR NEW TESTAMENT by George B. Scriven. Paper. \$1.00 for the Leader's manual. 93 pages. Eighty-five cents. (Paper) for the Student's manual. 112 pages. STOP AND GO. (Ten Commandments for a Modern Child) Leader's guide. Seventy-five cents. Paper 58 pages. Student's guide. Fifty cents. Paper. 36 pages.

## Community Notes

FR. HUGHSON conducted retreats for women at St. Mary's Hospital, New York City from February fourteenth to the seventeenth and from February twenty-first to the twenty-fourth.

We are hoping that Father Superior will be returning to the United States about the middle of March.

### March Appointments

Fr. Kroll will show the Librarian films at St. John's Church, Bridgeport, Conn., on the fourth, and at the Berkeley Divinity School, New Haven, Conn., on the fifth. At St. Paul's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., he will conduct a Quiet Day for Women on the twenty-first, a Quiet Period for Business Women on the twenty-second, and Quiet Period for Men on the twenty-third and will preach Sunday morning, the twenty-third.



St. Joseph, Spouse of the  
Blessed Virgin Mary  
March 19th



Bishop Campbell will be in New York assisting the Bishop from the middle of March until the middle of May.

Fr. Harrison will preach at Zion Church, Greene, N. Y., on the twenty-third. He will conduct a Quiet Day for Men at Christ Church, Ridgewood, N. J., on the twenty-sixth.

Fr. Baldwin is to conduct a Mission at St. John Baptist's Church, St. John, New Brunswick, from the ninth to the twenty-third. He will also conduct a Mission at Ascension Church, Troy, N. Y., beginning the thirty-first.

Fr. Parker will conduct a retreat at Grace Church, Newark, N. J., on the fifteenth. He will conduct a retreat at West Park for a group of men from Media, Penn., from the twenty-first to the twenty-third. He is also to conduct a Mission at St. John's Church, Cohoes, N. Y., beginning the thirtieth.

Fr. Harris is to preach at Trinity Church, Waterbury, Conn., on the seventh and the fourteenth.

Fr. Adams will conduct a Quiet Day for Women at St. Michael's Church, Litchfield, Conn., on the nineteenth. He is to preach at Trinity Church, Waterbury, Conn., on the twenty-first and the twenty-eighth.

#### Letter from Fr. Superior

Bolahun, December 28, 1946  
Dear Father Kroll,

I made it. We entered the Church just after the beginning of the Midnight Mass—during either the Collect or the Epistle to be exact.

Never shall I forget that moment. As you know, I had never seen the church before, except in its early construction stage. Its vastness, relatively to all other buildings in the Interior, and its beauty took my breath away.

One of the reasons why I had been so anxious to arrive just at

that time was that it would be my only chance to see the church lit up at night. Fr. Gill had done a swell job with just enough lamps, beautifully hung, to give sufficient illumination but without glare. There were deep shadows aloft and at the sides. The altar and its candles, the beautiful new tester, the big hanging crucifix, the very lovely shrine of our Lady and the Christmas Crib—each with its lights—the rich beauty of the sanctuary—the dignity and richness of the Solemn High Mass, with the gold-colored vestments of the Sacred Ministers, the acolytes and the very good choir—I could scarcely believe it was Bolahun until I picked out one or another of my old native friends.

Every seat was taken. Fr. Parsell estimates that there were about 500 people (and there was room at the back and sides to have crowded in seats for three or four hundred more.)

I had a swell journey from Freetown and everything clicked, despite the fact that arrangements had to be made three months in advance. Fred Ward had my ticket so there was no last-minute rush to get aboard. There were three very nice British agriculturists and the wife of one of them for part of the first day. One of the men continued with me as far as Kenema. Except for them, I had a compartment, fifteen or twenty feet long, by myself.

At Bo, the Roman Catholic Fathers expected me according to schedule and were very gracious.

The train was only three quarters of an hour late at Pendembu. This was, of course, very exceptional and really amounted to our being at least half an hour ahead of time; which made all the difference.

Laurma Faikoli had been sent to meet me at Pendembu, and David was there with the lorry. So we started at once, with one of the usual delays. At Bala we

stopped for two minutes to change greetings and presided with Momo Carpenter. The rriers, with Kohorne at their head, were waiting at Buyadu, with a note from the Mission, a two-hammock, innumerable lanterns and flashlights (including the one which I had with me) and a chop. I didn't wait to eat anything for I wanted to take every minute's advantage of the remaining daylight. For the same reason I elected to do most of my horse mock-riding at the beginning of the trip.

We left Buyadu at 5:15, in season time, and reached Liberia Customs at 6:45. Since it was too dark, I stopped half an hour for chop and then on we went and walked almost all the rest of the way.

I knew, of course, that I would miss the typical reception because of the hour and because everybody would be at the Midnight Mass. However, a dozen school-boys had been brought by Justin Maul, a couple of hours along the way, and greeted us with "O Come Us Adore Him" in Bala. Thomas Fodi was waiting for us at Porrowu.

The others will be writing about the Nativity Play, the participation of the District Commissioner and his staff, for the first time in history, at a Bolahun Christmas, the cows, the babies, the devils, etc. etc. etc. It was a whale of a Christmas.

I cannot tell you how overwhelmed I am at the development of the Mission since my last visit—a development for which, thank God, you are so largely responsible.

You will have to guess at my joy and gratitude which fill my heart these days—for there are no words to express it.

With much love in our hearts to Lord to yourself and to all our Brethren,

Alan Whittemore  
Superior, O.H.C.



# • An Ordo of Worship and Intercession, March–April, 1947 •

3. St. Cyril of Jerusalem, B.C.D. Double. W. gl. col. (2) feria (3) of Lent cr. L.G. feria.
4. St. Joseph, Spouse of B.V.M. Double I Cl. W. gl. col. (2) feria (3) of Lent cr. proper preface L.G. feria.
5. *Thursday*. V. Proper Mass col. (2) St. Cuthbert, B.C. (3) of Lent.
6. St. Benedict, Ab. Greater Double. W. gl. col. (2) feria (3) of Lent L.G. feria.
7. Saturday. V. Proper Mass col. (2) of Lent (3) for the living and departed.
8. Passion Sunday (Judica). Semidouble V. col. (2) of Lent cr. pref. of Passiontide till Easter unless otherwise directed; omit Psalm in Preparation, *Gloria Patri* there and at Lavabo on Sundays and ferias through Maundy Thursday.
9. St. Gabriel, Archangel. Greater Double. W. gl. col. (2) feria (3) of Lent L.G. feria.
10. Annunciation B.V.M. Double I Cl. W. gl. col. (2) feria (3) of Lent cr. pref. B.V.M., L.G. feria.
11. *Wednesday*. V. Proper Mass col. (2) of Lent (3) for the living and departed.
12. St. John Damascene, C.D. Double. W. gl. col. (2) feria (3) of Lent cr. L.G. feria.
13. Compassion B.V.M. Greater Double. W. gl. col. (2) feria (3) of Lent seq. cr. pref. B.V.M. (Transfixion) L.G. feria.
14. Saturday. V. Proper Mass col. (2) of Lent (3) for the living and departed.
15. Palm Sunday. V. Before the principal Mass blessing, distribution, and procession of palms; at Mass cr.; at Masses not preceded by the blessing of palms L.G. from that service.
16. Monday in Holy Week. V. col. (2) Palm Sunday.
17. April 1. Tuesday in Holy Week. V. col. (2) Palm Sunday.
18. Wednesday in Holy Week. V. col. (2) Palm Sunday.
19. Maundy Thursday. Double I Cl. V., at Mass W. gl. col. (2) Palm Sunday cr.; there should be one Mass in each Church, with general communion of the clergy and people, and after Mass procession to the altar of repose.
20. Good Friday. Double I Cl. B. No Mass; office of the day as appointed.
21. Easter Even. Double I Cl. V. No Mass of the day; at 1st Mass of Easter, after Holy Saturday ceremonies, W. gl. pref. of Easter.
22. Easter Day. Double I Cl. W. gl. seq. cr. pref. of Easter in all Masses until Ascension unless otherwise directed; two alleluias added to dismissal and response through Saturday.
23. Easter Monday. Double I Cl. W. gl. col. (2) Easter seq. cr.
24. Easter Tuesday. Double I Cl. W. gl. col. (2) Easter seq. cr.
25. Within the Octave. Semidouble. W. gl. col. (2) Easter seq. cr.
26. Within the Octave. Semidouble. W. gl. col. (2) Easter seq. cr.
27. Within the Octave. Semidouble. W. gl. col. (2) St. Leo, B.C.D. (3) Easter seq. cr.
28. Within the Octave. Semidouble. W. gl. col. (2) Easter seq. cr.
29. 1st (Low) Sunday after Easter. Greater Double. W. gl. cr.
30. St. Justin Martyr. Double. R. gl.
31. *Tuesday*. W. Mass of Easter I gl. col. (2) of St. Mary (3) for the Church or Bishop.
32. *Wednesday*. W. Mass as on April 15.

Note: On double or greater double feasts in Lent Mass may be said of the feria V. col. (2) feast (3) of Lent (on March 18, 21, 24, 27, and 28 L.G. of the feast). On the days indicated in italics ordinary requiem and (out of Lent) votive Masses may be said.

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- For the seminaries of the Church.
- For those in want and suffering.
- For our Benefactors.
- Thanksgiving for Christian witness under persecution.
- For a good preparation for Easter.
- For a just and lasting peace.
- For social and economic justice.
- In honour of the Blessed Sacrament.
- For the conversion of sinners.
- For a holy death.
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